YES --- WE ARE STILL THE

Carmel Pine Cone

VOL. XIII, No. 26 CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, CALIFORNIA, JULY 8, 1927. 5c PER COPY

Pirates Ravish Abalone Stove Lid Trophy From National League Victors, The Giants

By Talbert Josselyn

With the Pirates winners of the Abalone Cup, the Abalone League finishes its seventh season, and bats and balls will be put away to slumber until around Santa Claus time, and then once more the call will go out and the slumber will be broken and Carmel's national pastime of muff and home-run and strike-out will again take the boards.

One more game—rather, one more Sunday—remains for the present season, that of the tenth of July, when Monterey sends its pride of the Toro League over the hill to do battle on the Abalone grounds for the so-styled championship of the Peninsula. There will be two games, one of ten picked players of the entire Toro League against ten picked Abalones, followed by the game between the Del Monte Athletics, winners of the Toro League Cup and the Pirates, victorious in Carmel's own civil war.

Shades of the past and how the world advances! Monterey coming to Carmel to play a game that originated on this side of the hill; the boy from across the railroad tracks coming to play with the boy who until now has always been considered not all there—one of the nuts, and not of the Brazilian family. But the funny nut boy has managed to work out a game in which all can take part, no matter how old or where one does one's banking, if any, and those across the hill, even to the precincts of Pacific Grove, have taken it up with the wild zeal that always marks the convert, even to the bandaging of thumbs and the taping of ankles.

Thus does Thorne Taylor's funny game, played with a large ball and a starved bat, go marching on, and those who came to smile after the manner of all people who see something new, remain to howl and cheer and grow vociferously partisan. With an Abalone League in Carmel there will never be occasion for Blue Mondays; Scarlet Sundays give occasion for a whole week of talk, and then it's Sunday and Abalone day again. And those who were once good for short-stop are still good for right field, and if not right field, then the side-lines with much to-the-point advice, and if not the side-lines, then Staniford's drug store, and the talk goes on and the nation is safe and newly-arrived drug-store customers scowl, and Carmel, being of itself and unto itself, lets them scowl until they quit scowling and join right in; and that, if the newcomers but knew it, is the true way of becoming one of us.

A Darn Good Show
Even Though We Carp a Bit Here and There
Was "If I Were King"

By PERRY NEWBERRY

Each time that I have seen a play at the Forest Theatre, without any glimpse of its preliminary labors, there comes an overpowering realization of what nature has done to help the producer build a success. It is a thrilling beauty that the lights give that stage in the forest, give the whole theatre, in fact; and night in the pines is so big a part of the drama that it should be even more considered than it now is.

The audience that comfortably filled the auditorium last Saturday night and listened to "If I Were King," never drew nearer Paris than the piney woods of Carmel. Painted stage sets did not, could not help. The audience came into a forest, and remained in a forest after the lights of the stage went on. The play might have happened there, for its theme was universal, and the make-believe of painted canvas was worse than waste, it was an affront to the beauty of the night in the woods.

This criticism over—and how often we have made this mistake of obscuring natural beauty by painted flats before, you and I—"If I Were King" while not the greatest production given in the 18 seasons, was decidedly good, and deservedly popular. The audience liked its story so plainly told, liked its lines than ran often in Villon's poetry, and liked the swift moving romance of it all. Dramatic action was the key-note of the play, and the thrills came thick and fast.

It was a Heron night, for the three of that name were all good on stage; Constance surprisingly so. Her Huguette du Hamel was no light part, even though she was a "light-o'-love." Constance Heron was a very dashing, a bit too winsome, wanton. I was sorry that she died—too far upstage, too crowded by others, too restricted to get full opportunity for so splendid a death.

Helena Heron as Mother Villon made every bit of her small opportunity. She was a sympathetic figure, and reached the hearts of the audience. At last, her offered sacrifice was real acting, fine, conscientious work.

Herbert Heron, as usual, was good; so good that criticism of his slow pick-up of cues, his holding up action for individual work, and his dominance of scenes that were not his scenes, seems hyper-critical. He came back at me, that as the King, he should dominate; but as an actor, he shouldn't let George Ball's scenes down through inability to play second place.

Herbert Heron was good, I'll repeat, without any qualifications. If Francois Villon suffered by comparison, it was not Herbert Heron's fault. Francois was given the lines, situations, and everything by the playwright to dominate the scenes in which he shone, and if the audience felt that the King was the prime figure there, it was the fault of the acting of Villon.

George Ball has neither the physique nor the temperamental qualifications for Francois Villon—and this is no such slam as it sounds. Ball's technique either on stage, or in producing, is notably modern, and "If I were King" is quite otherwise. As we listened to soliloquies and asides that have been banished for years from the stage, we realize that Justin McCarthy wrote and E. H. Sothern played more than a

(Continued to page 10)

Burglaries Come Thick And Fast

Times have changed in Carmel. People can no longer go to the movies and leave the doors and windows of their houses unlocked. To be safe now, doors must be barred and a burglar alarm be placed in every home. Over last week end, five Carmel places were robbed by an unknown thief, and attempts made to enter several other places. All of the robberies except one are said to have been done by the same person, as the method of entering each house has been identical.

Some time over the week end two of the paintings by Mrs. Mary Young Hunter, that have been hanging in the foyer of the Theatre of the Golden Bough, were stolen. These paintings are valued at $600. Much favorable comment was made by all who came to the foyer, and it is possible that one of the admiring throng saw their value and made away with them. It has been impossible to determine the day they were stolen, the robbery was not detected until Tuesday morning.

On Tuesday night a cottage belonging to Mrs. Rose DeYoe, was entered and a small silver hair-pin box stolen. Nothing else has been found missing. The occupants of the house went to the movies, according to the story, and when they came home, the front door was open. When they entered the house

(Continued to page 11)

Story of Battle Of the Diamond

By E. INGELS

All Hail the Pirates, champions of the Abalone League! In the most thrilling games ever played on the Carmel Woods diamond, Byron Pryor's Pirates defeated Jakie May's Giants in the third game for championship, last Monday afternoon, by a score of 9 to 6, and won the Abalone League cup. The Giants and Pirates were scheduled to play two out of three games for the championship. The Pirates won a decisive victory in the first game on Sunday, while the Giants turned the tables and played the same trick on the Pirates the next day. With the Herald Stove Pipe trophy as an incentive for victory, both teams were on edge for the deciding game of the season.

The Pirates were up to bat first, but retired scoreless. Jimmie Doud was first up for the Giants. He singled, and Conlad was walked. Doud came home on Ammerman's hit and Conlan scored on Frenchy Murphy's single, but both Ammerman and Murphy were put out. Score 2 to 0. Both teams tightened up then and no more scoring was done until the first of the fourth when Hicks came through with the first run for the Pirates. Another score was made for the Giants in their half of the inning, by Frenchy Murphy. Score 2 to 1.

No runs were scored in the fifth, and it was in the sixth inning when the game began to be really breathtaking. For the Pirates, Hare singled and Pryor knocked a two bagger, but Hare was caught out at third. Hicks got to first and a three bagger by Root brought in Hicks and Pryor. Root came in on Eaton's hit. Three runs, and the

score 4-3 in favor of the Pirates. Then the Giants came to bat, full of lust for revenge. Ammerman came in on May's hit, while both May and Whitman scored, to give the Giants a two-run lead. Score 6 to 4. With the game practically cinched for the Giants, they blew up utterly in the seventh inning in a comedy of errors, allowed the Pirates five runs. Martin was walked, King knocked a two-bagger, and Johns a three base hit, bringing in two of the runs and tying the score again. Pryor and Hicks both singled, bringing in Martin and Pryor. The Giants in their half made a last desperate attempt, but were unable to score. Marcelle was out on first. Rowntree singled but was out at second. Doud was safe, Conlan walked and Ammerman walked, but a double out ended the game and the series, giving the Pirates the title; score 9 to 6. The Pirates had a gold mine in Jessie Leslie, the girl who played second base. She fielded the ball as well as any man, and nearly always got to base on a hit.

Score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	T
Pirates	0	0	0	1	0	3	5	—9
Giants	2	0	0	1	0	3	0	—6

The first game of the championship resulted in a walk-away for the Pirates. The final score was 11 to 2, and 8 of these runs were made in the first inning. The Giants held the Pirates fairly during the rest of the game, but were unable to score themselves.

Nobody expected that the Giants would do the same thing to the Pirates next day, but that is just what happened. The Pirates were up to bat first, and with two outs, Chet Hare came to bat. He waited until he had two strikes and three balls against him, when he knocked a two bagger that was stretched through errors to a home run. An overthrow was made to second, and another to third, letting Hare in on three errors by the Giants. An exciting moment for the Giants occurred in the next inning, when Doud came home on Frenchy Murphy's hit. Frenchy then started to steal from second to third, with the Pirates on his heels. He see-sawed back and forth between second and third, and finally came home on a pitched ball over the backstop. This made three runs for the Giants. They made another in the second and four more in the last of the third. The Pirates scored two in the sixth and one in the eighth, but the game finally ended with the score 10-4 and favor of the Giants. Frenchy Murphy, Jackie May and Byron Pryor deserve much credit for the way in which they played all three games. They were right there every minute of the time.

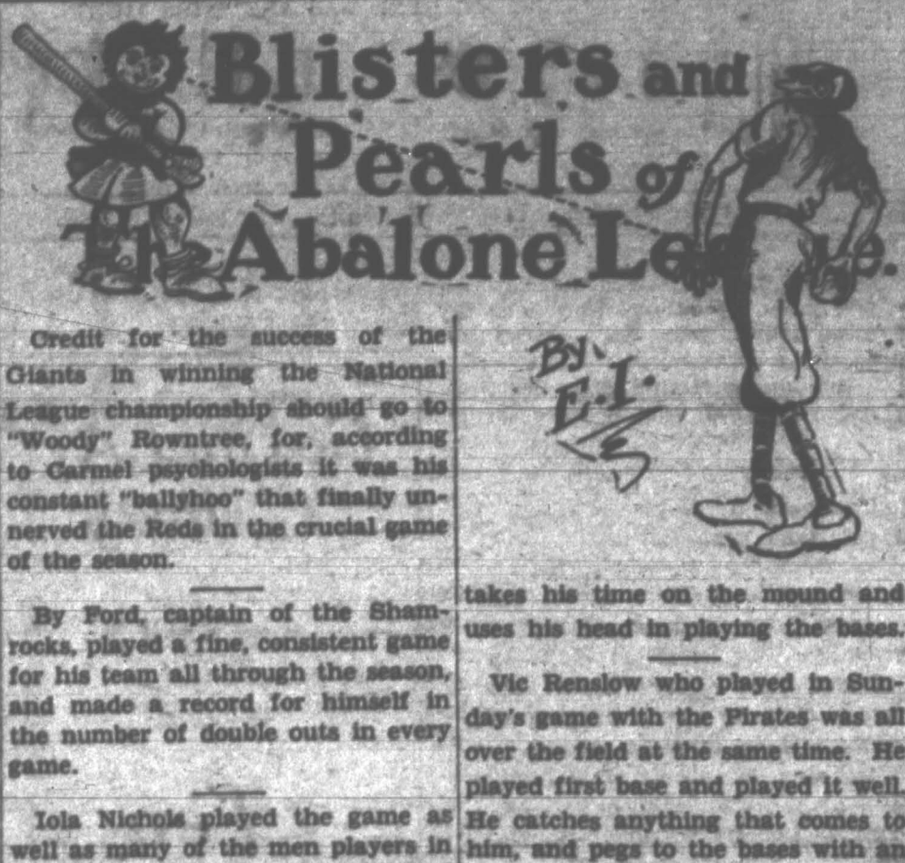
Over in Monterey, a picked team of the Abalone League defeated a picked team of the El Toro league by a 12-8 score. Next Sunday at 1:30, another game will be payed between picked teams of the two leagues, on the Abalone diamond. At 2:30, the winner of the Abalone League, the Pirates, will play the Del Monte Athletics, the winning team in the Toro League.

WAR VETERAN SPEAKS FOR PEACE SUNDAY

A meeting of the Carmel branch of the Woman's International League for Peace and Freedom will be held on Sunday evening, July 10th at 8 o'clock at Unity Hall, Carmel.

Captain Friedrich Krejick of Vienna and Carmel will speak on "Peace versus War." Captain Krejick has made a study of after-war conditions in Europe and this with forty-two months in the front lines during the last war have made him a sincere advocate for Universal Peace.

The public is cordially invited.



Credit for the success of the Giants in winning the National League championship should go to "Woody" Rowntree, for, according to Carmel psychologists it was his constant "ballyhoo" that finally unnerved the Reds in the crucial game of the season.

By Ford, captain of the Shamrocks, played a fine, consistent game for his team all through the season, and made a record for himself in the number of double outs in every game.

Iola Nichols played the game as well as many of the men players in the league, hitting out a number of two-baggers and holding up her position at second in good shape.

The Reds and the Shamrocks had an even break of bad luck in the National League. Practically every game the Reds lost was only by one run, while the Shamrocks could not get ahead, even after donning new jackets.

Winsor Josselyn played a good game as catcher, and had the honor of receiving the only real bad black eye. His "shiner" lasted for a couple of weeks.

Dick Johnson was the "dark horse" in the Tiger-Red contest, for he surprised everybody, including himself, by knocking out a two bagger with three men on bases.

"Doc" Staniford was one of the men responsible for keeping up the enthusiasm of the Sunday ball games. It is the fervent wish of each and every player that his broken leg heals rapidly.

Fielders often lose out on their end of the glory, but Peter Conlan, playing center for the Giants, deserves applause for the excellent way in which he played the game. There are very few flies that went to center field that he did not nab.

Jakie May is a good sport. He grinned all the time he was playing, whether he knocked a home run, which was often, or whether he was caught stealing on second, which was not so often. Carmel hopes that he continues to play with the Abalones.

Bill Young is Carmel's "Babe Ruth." Whenever his team, the Crescents, was in a tight place, he would step to the home plate and knock a homer. As well, he played an excellent game at shortstop.

Halstead Yates, who played second for the Tigers, is an old time ball player. He was captain of the Yale nine in 1898. He played a good game for the Tigers.

Don Hale and Freddie Ammerman carried away the honors in pitching.

Jessie Leslie the little girl or tomboy who played second base for the Pirates should be a member of the All Star team. She made a record number of put-outs by her quick playing, and brought in a number of runs for the champions.

Freddie Ammerman pitched good ball last Sunday, in both of the games for the Abalone title. He takes his time on the mound and uses his head in playing the bases.

Vic Renslow who played in Sunday's game with the Pirates was all over the field at the same time. He played first base and played it well. He catches anything that comes to him, and pegs to the bases with an aim that is unusual.

WILL LECTURE ON THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

A lecture which will be of interest to Carmel will be given on the afternoon of July 12, at 2 o'clock, at the Theatre of the Golden Bough, by Hallda Stabell, who is a noted authority on physical education. The topic of her lecture will be "The Renaissance of the Body." In connection with the lecture, moving pictures will demonstrate Miss Stabell's own method of teaching physical education from an aesthetic as well as scientific point of view.

A general outline of the principles used in her method of training will be given, and the difference in her method and the general method of Swedish training used in schools of physical culture in this country will be given full explanation.

A lecture on the same subject was given last summer in Carmel by Miss Stabell and much interest was shown in it at that time.

BEDS ABOVE HIGH TIDE AT POPULAR HOTEL

"The Beach Hotel" proved to be the most popular in Carmel last week end, when all California came to the village. When, on Saturday night, all the hotels and houses were filled to capacity, there was only one place left to accommodate the hundreds who were left. This was the beach. Anyone taking an early morning walk last Sunday would have seen the city's latest rooming house, for tents were scattered everywhere, from the river all the way to the end of the beach on the other side of the bath house. And where tents were not available, an army blanket or two served the purpose.

Up to noon on Monday, it was estimated that at least one thousand automobiles had gone through on this end of the Seventeen Mile Drive. It is probably the largest crowd in the history of the city.

FALL IN FIVE FEET OF OCEAN DEPTH

An automobile with two girls in it, whose names could not be obtained, backed off a cliff on Carmel Point last Friday night, and went into five feet of water. The Car turned turtle and the glass had to be broken before the occupants could get out. Both girls received cuts and bruises. The driver, in backing the car to turn around, went too near the edge of the cliff, brakes did not hold and the car plunged over.

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What ho! Treasure Chest

Still shrouded deep in mystery, still a case of hope deferred, the box of prints and etchings that forms a part of the Ella Reid Harrison bequest to the city lies in the locked strong-room of Wermuth's warehouse. Whether its contents are originals or replicas, are worth thousands, or little, is still undetermined.

The matter is now up to the trustees of the library, who differ in law, if not in personality, from Carmel's Board of Trustees. If the library trustees are trembling with eagerness to open and appraise the contents of the box, they restrain it well. The question of whether they are custodians of a hundred dollars worth of reproductions, or of a hundred thousand dollars worth of etchings by Rembrandt, by Albrecht Durer and by Seymour-Haden, is not causing them to lose their beauty sleep.

Not so, however, the lovers of art who are living, or visiting, here. This chest, so long immured in warehouses, may prove to be the container of one of the greatest art-finds of the decade. No such list of precious prints has been unearthed in many years. And etchers, artists and connoisseurs wait breathlessly to learn the riddle of its contents.

It was expected that this coming Sunday would see the engravings and etchings hung upon the walls of Arts and Crafts hall, and the public invited to attend and inspect. But by a bare majority vote, the library trustees said no. Their reason was not given. But the box is to remain firmly closed in the fireproof vault of the warehouse until the library is finished, and ready for its furnishings.

But there is more and more conviction that the prints are genuine. A story is circulating that Virgil Nahl, of the University of California, artist and critic, saw in Mrs. Harrison's home, above her mantel, a Seymour-Haden etching which he valued at $1800. Other friends of Mrs. Harrison tell of her keen understanding and knowledge of works of art, and their values. She was, they say, a collector of fine works of the etching press. So it is extremely likely that all the pictures are identically as listed, and Carmel is owner of a unique and rare treasure.

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Trustees Prepare for The Dog Days

Carmel will shortly be leading a dog's life, if the Board of Trustees has its way. Dogs will have to go on leashes once out of their master's yards, and if there is any sort of a Maxim silencer for barks, we'll get that in the ordinance. Hydrophobia has become an Issue—cap. I—which is apt to split the city government into contending parties, with Wood leading the leash forces, and Foster as the dog's best friend.

At Tuesday night's meeting, Trustee Wood won the first battle for a biteless Carmel. Taking up the cudgels of the anti-canners, he hammered through the preliminaries of an ordinance that will regulate cur and thoroughbred, free-soul and licensed, within the city limits. City Attorney Argyll Campbell was instructed to draw an ordinance where a paid dog-catcher with a borrowed pound will lasso every canine that is not tethered.

"It strikes me," Trustee Wood observed, "that even if a dog pays a license fee, he shouldn't be allowed to run at large." The licensing ordinance, he felt, is too elastic. And Trustee Henry Larouette confided that, in his candid opinion, anybody who paid for a dog license was a fool, in view of the number to be seen minus such permits. But Trustee Fenton Foster, who confessed to an inherent fondness for dogs, maintained that the Carmel dog problem was far from serious and registered a solitary negative vote on the proposal.

On recommendation of a committee composed of Trustees Larouette, Foster and Wood, it was decided to direct City Engineer Howard Sevgrance to prepare a comprehensive plan for construction of storm drainage provisions, to be used as a guide in future development, the cost to be $150.

It was also recommended by the committee that San Carlos street, from the northern to the southern city limits be paved for its full width and that Santa Lucia street be paved from San Carlos street to the ocean. Action on this matter was deferred, pending preparation of the storm drainage plan.

On the suggestion of Trustee Foster it was decided to install a new fire hydrant near the northeastern city limits, perhaps at the intersection of Carpenter and First streets, the exact location to be subject to recommendation by the fire marshall.

Trustee John B. Dennis recommended E. A. Littlefield for appointment as deputy fire marshall and Vincent Torres as fire hazard inspector, both of which appointments were made.

Only one bid was received for city legal publication business and the contract was awarded to the Carmel Cymbal at the rate of 80 cents per column inch for the first insertion and 60 cents per inch for subsequent insertions. The present contract with the Carmel Pine Cone, which still has more than a year to run, was abrogated at the suggestion of the Pine Cone publisher, Perry Newberry, who insisted that the contracts with him be set aside and not permitted to interfere with any other proposed arrangement. The change was made because of recent statutory enactments requiring that the mechanical work of publication be performed in the city for which it is done.

An invitation from Colonel E. V. Smith, commandant of Camp Del Monte, asking the board to attend the public ceremonies and field day to be held July 23, was received and accepted with thanks.

Bids on the Ralph Chandler Harrison memorial library were turned over to the board of trustees, acting as a board of trustees of the testamentary trust created by the terms of the will of the late Ella Reid Harrison for action and erection of the library.

Reports of the various municipal officials were read. City Clerk Saidee Van Brower reported a balance of $12,470.28 in the general fund July 1, with bills July 5 amounting to $2,169.21, leaving a balance of $10,301.07. City Recorder Alfred P. Fraser reported six cases of stealing, two double parking and one petty larceny case during June, with $87.50 collected in fines. City Marshall August Englund reported seven arrests and Fire Marshall Robert Leidig reported six alarms, four drills, removal of 37 fire hazards and fire losses totaling $825 during the month.

Action was the keynote of last evening's session, and with a single minor exception, every piece of business was dispatched with snap and precision. The exception concerned disposal of the garbage from the Campbell grocery. Building construction has obstructed a rear passage formerly used by the garbage collector and it was suggested that the garbage be placed in front of the grocery at night, for removal in the morning. The trustees were horrified at such a proposal and referred to Trustee Wood the problem of finding some other way out. It was thought that the other way might lie across the rear of the postoffice lot and this possibility will be thoroughly investigated.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT FROM DYNAMITE CAP

Ralph James twelve year old son of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. James of Carmel had his left hand very seriously burned last Monday from an explosion of a dynamite cap. The James went down to Hoffman's Camp, this side of the Big Sur, over the holidays. Young James and another lad were exploring the countryside and they came across an old cabin that was apparently deserted. They went in and found some dynamite caps and while investigating them, one of them exploded. The boy was taken to a Monterey hospital, where he received treatment. He is now resting at his home on Junipero.

ASK MISS MURPHY

Owing to the increased demand for lacquers that can be applied with a brush by an amateur, the W. P. Fuller Co. of San Francisco, through the Durham Hardware Co., their Carmel agents, have arranged for a demonstration of the use of NITROCOTE LACQUERS, on July 11th and 12th. Miss Murphy, their representative, is an expert in Interior and Exterior Decorating, and is prepared to solve all your paint problems. Those interested in the use of NITROCOTE LACQUERS, will be given a sample of any preferred colour, and a brush to apply it with. BRING YOUR PAINT TROUBLES TO DURHAM HARDWARE CO. Carmel, on July 11th and 12th, and ASK MISS MURPHY!

(Advertisement)

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. McIlwaine, Grace Morris and Miss Clara Stoddard from San Francisco, and Miss Elsie Taylor from Yreka, were holiday guests of Miss Mabel Stoddard.

Mrs. Louis J. Slevin and daughter Ursula have returned from a week's trip to San Francisco.

Lester M. Hale of Oakland recently spent a few days with his son Donald Hale, and family.

Mr. and Mrs. David Alberto, Mrs. J. S. Cone, Miss Janie Johnson and Peter Antoshkin attended the San Francisco Symphony Concert last Sunday at Hillsborough.

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Spotlight and Back-stage

Distinct Success Was Captain Applejack

The sixth and last play of the Golden Bough subscription series, "Captain Applejack," presented at the Theatre of The Golden Bough last week end was a decided success, and it was the fine work of Miss Tommi Thomson that was mainly instrumental in making it so. For as Anna Valeska, the sauve, clever "lady crook," she did some of the best acting that has been seen there this season. Her French accent sounded natural. Miss Thomson is a clever actress.

Edward Kuster, as "Ambrose Applejohn," did his usual good work in the second and third acts of the play, but he did not seem sure of himself in the first. The voice of the prompter was heard once, and he was weak in a few places at the beginning of the play. However, his excellent work later on completely overshadowed any faulty beginning.

Everyone has a place in his heart for a pirate, and Alden Almstead as leader of the mutiny in the second act, was an ideal one. He did well as the Russian crook, Ivan Borolsky, although he plainly suffered from stage fright during the first act. This is his first appearance on a Carmel stage and he did well.

Aennchen von Gall did her short part of Aunt Agatha with a professional air. Another short part, Johnny Jason, done by George Seideneck was also done with ease. Gabrielle Newby was good as Poppy, while Guy Koepp and Lois Foster, as the other crooks, also did some good work. Guy Koepp also made an excellent China man. Tom Bickle was prominent during the play, having three parts to hold down, the butler, a policeman and a pirate. He was good in all three.

The pirates were a blood-thirsty bunch. They were realistic, if pirates can be.

But there is one man who had an important part in the play, who never appeared on the stage. His work was commended highly by the audience and he deserves much credit. This man is Peter Fredrichsen, who designed the stage sets.

It was unfortunate that on the first night of the play there was such long waits between the acts. Of course this was necessitated by the change of scenery, but the audience, an outside one, did not understand that, and they grew impatient.

The entire play went off with a pleasing smoothness. The sets, the lightings and the costumes were all excellent. The second act, of course, was the high light of the play, but the entire thing was excellent.

REHEARSALS BEGIN FOR ROMEO AND JULIET

Informal rehearsals of "Romeo and Juliet" began at the Forest Theatre two weeks ago, and formal work will be under way as soon as the producers get their breath after their successes in "If I Were King."

Bert Heron will be producing director of this ever-young drama, with George Ball as stage director. The principals are already known: Mr. Heron as Romeo, and the exquisite Jadwiga Naskoviac as Juliet. Louise Walcott, whose characterizations are far out of the amateur class, will play the nurse, and the cast will include other names familiar in former Forest Theatre productions — Susan Poter as Lady Capulet, William T. Kibbler as Montague, Eugene Watson as Friar Laurence beside some interesting new material.

The producers are fortunate in having secured Jadwiga Naskoviac to play the all-important role of Juliet. Her work in "The Nursery Maid of Heaven" at the Golden Bough, in "Children of the Moon" at Arts and Crafts, and as Ophelia in "Hamlet" at the Forest Theater last year has established her wistful poignant loveliness and her flashes of strange fire in the affections of all Carmel playgoers.

SOME CONCERT NOTES ABOUT SCHINDLER

By Jeanne D'Orge

What's singing? Who knows what real singing is? Who passes judgment? Who awards doom or glory to the singer? We do—we the audience—we, who have dined well or badly in Olympus, or at home, or in a restaurant, now sit in the seats of the mighty, awaiting our evening's entertainment. We are on time—yes, most of us are on time; and in the mood—yes, most of us are in the mood. Down with the house lights then—we need the dark—we need the world shut out, and to forget how we look and who we are and where. Up with the stage lights—we need a focus—we need to see this artist—this singer who comes commanding our august attention. Can he sing? Now let us hear if he can sing. Some of us are mighty particular. We want more than a voice. We want quality and tone and purity and diction and gradations and subtleties in the rendering of the song. Some of us are not so musicianly; we don't care about technique, but we are none the less exacting; we want our emotions touched, our hearts moved; we want to be sung into our own special heaven of forgetfulness and dream.

So the audience, consciously or unconsciously, at the Willard Schindler Recital in the Arts and Crafts Theatre.

So any audience in any city or town who come to hear, expecting good return for their money; which brings in again the question: "What's singing? Who knows what real singing is?" I doubt if anyone knows now, except the Folk—those who make their own songs out of the stuff of their own lives and sing them for their own pleasure. But the Folk are all gone or going. We as a race have become adolescent and self-conscious. If we don't know, we think we know and we like to say what we think. We have our accepted critics and we have those who are critical of critics. But if as individuals we disagree, together as audience we have moments when we all agree. These make the triumphs and defeats of the artist. No one who heard Mr. Schindler from beginning to end of the evening can deny that he won his audience. Yet in the first part of the program, despite the depth and color in his really beautiful voice, it seemed as if the odds were against him—as if a veil hung between him and us. After the first delight of Handel's "Where'er You Walk" we expected more thrills, but he sang too carefully, as if under cover and afraid to come out into the open. Someone said "Wait 'till he gets to the 'Barber of Seville'." Prophets are sometimes right. The "Largo Al Factotum" was like a merry dancing shower of rain, or a fresh wind from the sea. It was alive and brilliant. After that, he could do as he liked with us, and he knew it. He threw off the cover of carefulness; he let out his voice and sang with fire and we applauded with enthusiasm. The sea songs for which he is justly commended are not so much songs of the sea itself but of the feeling of man for the sea; sailor man, pirate man, hardy and adventurous. He finished with Thomas Vincent Cator's "Sea Hunger," a song which was wider in scope, richer in feeling and content than the other sea songs. There was the rush and rhythm of the sea both in accompaniment and melody. There was a strangeness in the opening, a sharp wistfulness all through, that well bore out the title. Mr. Cator must have had a deep moment all his own, hearing his fine work so finely rendered. The encore was "Mandalay" but that as Kipling says "is quite another story"—a splendid one as Mr. Schindler sang it.

The accompanist, Mildred Stomas Warenskjold was in that place where good accompanists should always be—there and not there.

SENORITA, FILMED HERE, SHOWS AT MANZANITA

The picture that all Carmel has been waiting for will be shown next Monday and Tuesday at the Manzanita Theatre—"Senorita," with Bebe Daniels. Tthis picture was filmed around Carmel and Monterey last summer. In this colorful story of romance and adventure in South America, the fascinating Bebe Daniels of "The Campus Flirt" appears in the character of a dashing caballero, a swashbuckling, high spirited, hot tempered son of the pampas. The masculine characterization is but a masquerade, however, a masquerade that leads her into all sorts of difficulties, adventures and amusing situations out of which she triumphantly emerges in true Daniels style.

Playing opposite Miss Daniels is James Hall, her leading man of "The Campus Flirt" and "Stranded in Paris." It is one of the interesting twists of the play that Hall in his role of Roger Oliveros meets her in her rare moments of complete feminity in the picture. Others in the cast are William Powell, Josef Swickard, Joan Standing, George Ovey and Gayne Whitman.

On Thursday and Friday, two comedians will be seen in one of the funniest comedies of the year. These two men are Charlie Murray and Chester Conklin. The two will be seen together for the first time in the leading roles of "McFadden's Flats."

For the screen production of the play, like the stage comedy that endured for more than twenty years, it is practically without any suggestion of villany. While more laughs, numerous, unusual and side splitting situations have been added to the original stage play in order to fit it for the screen, it is as much without the usual "heavy" work of the ordinary play as when it was first produced.

MANZANITA Theatre

Saturday, 9th

"Tarzan and the Golden Lion"

by

Edgar Rice Burroughs

Sunday, 10th

"CABERET"

with

GILDA GRAY

Comedy Scenic

Monday and Tuesday 11th and 12th

"SENORITA"

with

BEBE DANIELS

News

Chas. Chase Comedy

Wednesday, 13th

"Whirlwind of Youth"

with

LOIS MORAN

Comedy Cartoon

Thursday and Friday, 14th and 15th

"McFADDEN'S FLATS"

with

CHARLIE MURRAY

CHESTER CONKLIN

New

Mack Sennet Comedy

GOLDEN BOUGH

Theatre — Carmel

7:00 - 8:45—Adm. 10c, 30c, 50c

H. K. Busey, Lessee

SUNDAY and MONDAY

"Ankles Preferred"

with

Madge Bellamy, Allan Forrest

"An intimate story of silk Stockings"

TUESDAY

"Woman Power"

with

Ralph Graves, Kathryn Perry, Lou Tellegen

Revealing the secret of woman's age

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

"Danger Girl"

with

Priscilla Dean and John Bowers

From the story of "The Bride"

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

"Made for Love"

A Cecil B. De Mille picture

with

Leatrice Joy and Edmund Burns

THEATRE of the GOLDEN BOUGH

Wednesday Afternoon—July 13th at 3 o'Clock

HALLDIS STABELL

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Illustrated by Motion Pictures

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FINE FILMS FEATURE GOLDEN BOUGH WEEK

The Theatre of the Golden Bough has some of the latest films as offerings for the moving picture program of next week. On Sunday and Monday nights Madge Bellamy will be shown in "Ankles Preferred," the film that has been so popular in the south. On Tuesday "Woman Power" will be the feature, with Ralph Graves and Katheryn Perry starring; "Danger Girl" with John Bower will be shown on Wednesday and Thursday and "Made for Love" with Leatrice Joy will be featured on Friday and Saturday nights. Two shows are given each evening in the week. The main pictures are accompanied with comedies and news reels.

CHARMING PANELS SHOWN AT GOLDEN BOUGH

Much interest has been shown during the last week in the exhibition of lovely panels by Mary Young-Hunter, in the foyer of the Theatre of the Golden Bough. The panels are low relief carvings on wood, covered with many coatings of "gesso," a composition made from an old recipe of Cenino Cenini's, according to Mrs. Young-Hunter.

This artist is widely known as a portrait painter. At the present time she is devoting her time to the development of this revived art of gesso relief. The panels are made in lovely colors. Several of children are very beautiful as well as simple and charming.

Little Bright Eyes

Told by Geraldine Jitters to Winsor Josselyn

The summer people make papa awful mad. He says they're as useless as people that talk before women's clubs. The other day something happened that upset papa just awful.

You know, we have a big place with a fence around it. We have a road into it from the main road. Well, it just seems that the signs on our gate don't mean anything at all because people drive right into our place and then get mad because it is somebody's home and not a park or a playground or something.

Papa was changing a tire and he was in a hurry to get to town because he was late anyhow. He was saying thing about tires that always went flat just when you wanted them hard. And just when he had put a bolt on crooked and was hitting it with the side of the tire wrench, an automobile full of people came up the driveway. All the people were looking around as if they were lost where a lot of wild animals were.

Papa looked up from his tire and glared at them.

"Hey," hollered the driver to papa, "where's Aimee's shack?"

Papa gets mad awful easy sometimes, and this was a sometime. He threw down the tire wrench and kicked the tire and went out at the people with his hands all doubled up. "What did you say?" he asked, his voice sounding like a wornout phonograph record.

Somebody in the back of the machine laughed and said something and the rest laughed too. Then the driver talked again.

"Don't be limple," he said, "like all the rest of this here funny town. Is is up this here way or down the other way?"

Well, papa didn't say much to them, but the first thing I knew the ladies were putting their noses in the air and one man started to get out a door but was pulled back and the automobile went down our hill pretty fast, with one of 'em saying, "I told you that guy was the owner and not the chauffeur."

And papa went back and said something about tourists and tires and trains that had to be met. But he hadn't worked hardly a minute before another automobile came up the hill—a great big car with two men in it and the top down and they were smoking cigars. Papa didn't give 'em a chance to say anything. He kept hold of the tire wrench and just hopped over to them.

"Can't you read?" he said. "This is private property and you can get out of here as fast as you came in and you can keep on going!"

Well, the two men looked at each other and one held up his hand and said he just wanted to ask where somebody lived. And papa pretty near hollered, he talked so loud, and said that if they thought he was a guide to Aimee's house they were crosseyed.

And the man who had put up his hand shook his head slowly and told papa he hadn't changed a bit from the feller he used to be in college, and said it was a shame that he couldn't remember people that used to help him in examinations.

Well, I wish you could have seen papa. From being awful mad he got awful glad and was introduced to the other man and explained about these summer folks and how they bothered, and then he began hollering for mama to come out and meet the boys. Mama came and after she'd met them she told papa it was very late and the train was almost in; and then the man suggested papa go over in their big car, and said something about stopping on the way back to see that sick man.

I could see that mama didn't like it, but papa went just the same, and the car went awful fast, too, and mama looked after them and said something about papa being more trouble than six children. We haven't got six children in our family, so I don't know just what mother meant.

But that's what happened, and papa still doesn't like most of the summer people—just a few, like his college friends.

DIVINE WORSHIP

Sunday morning at 11 a.m., Rev. I. M. Terwilliger will speak in Carmel Community Church on the subject: "Great World Famines—Are You Among the Starving?"

Epworth League at 7:30 p.m.

The young people of the Epworth League held a banquet at the church Thursday evening, July 8th.

DAMAGED FENDERS LUCKY OUTCOME

A car driven by William Hudson Jr. collided with one driven by Mrs. Bruce Fertig last Tuesday afternoon on Carmelo street and both cars received damaged fenders and running boards. No one was injured. An investigation of the crash is being made by Traffic Officer Christensen.

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ury-Free Honor Goes to Carmelite

DeNeale Morgan has a busy time ead of her. She has just re-rned from a week's visit to Los ngeles, where she received many w suggestions for paintings, and w she will begin a decoration for e Business and Professional Wo-en's Club in Oakland. This paint-g will be placed over the mantel ece in the auditorium of the new ub house.

An invitation to exhibit "Jury ee" in the Exhibition of paintings Western Women has just been ceived by Miss Morgan. The ex-bit is in connection with the Na-nal Convention of Business Wo-en in Oakland, and it will be held the Oakland Art Gallery from ly 15 to August 15. "Cypress and nds" is the name of the painting at will be sent to the Gallery.

A large decoration for the Storey mpany's new building in Oakland s just been completed. A group small paintings will be sent for "one man" show at the Hotel laremont in Berkeley from August to the end of the month. Miss rgan will stay at the gallery for a week with the paintings. Then she has been invited to send a painting to the State Fair at Sacramento around the first of September.

Instead of the plan of last year of the Arts and Crafts to hold an exhibition for one week of the paintings of one artist, it has been changed to include the works of several local artists and it will last for a longer time. Miss Morgan will have several of her paintings in these exhibits.

When all this is over, Miss Morgan intends to go to Los Angeles in September or October to do some painting down there. She will probably exhibit in Los Angeles around the first of the year.

M. De Neale Morgan is one of Carmel's pioneer artists. She was one of the first people around this section to use the Monterey cypress as a subject for a canvas. And it is painting of the cypress that has made her famous. She is one of the few who is able to place the living tree on canvas, with all its grotesque lines and colors. The cypress has been used as a subject for many of her decorations, that can be seen in galleries all over the state.

SUNDAY TEAS FEATURE ARTS & CRAFTS SUMMER

Because of the success last year of the Sunday teas at the Arts and Crafts Club House, and the exhibitions of paintings by local artists, the club has decided to continue the teas this summer. This first one was held on Sunday, last, when William Barry of Hollywood exhibited some of his lovely batiks. He showed them in Carmel last summer. Miss Celia Seymour, director of the Arts and Crafts Summer School this year, and well known portrait painter, will give a short talk on the "Relation of Art to Daily Life." This talk will be interesting to artists as well as to those who are not artistically inclined. A cordial invitation to the public to attend these teas has been extended by Mrs. Sarah Deming, president of the club.

The second tea will be held on the following Sunday, July 10, together with an exhibition of paintings by local artists, and later in the month these paintings will be auctioned off, the proceeds to go to the benefit of the Arts and Crafts. Some of those who will donate paintings are Jessie Arms Botke, Cornelis Botke, William Silva, Josephine Culbertson, Ralph Davidson Miller, Ida Johnson and William Barry, who will give a batik.

DAINTY STATUETTE IN PEBBLE BEACH HOME

Jo Mora has just completed another of the lovely things that he is famed for. This time it is a carved wood figure of "La Gitanita," little gipsy. In this charming figure of the little Spanish lady, Mora used five different blocks of poplar wood, in order to allow the grain of the wood to follow the lines of the body. He has painted over the wood, and made the hair black, and the shoes black with red heels to match the comb in her hair. The figure was made for Mrs. Ethel P. Young's new home at Pebble Beach. It is another charming and simple exhibition of Jo Mora's fine work.

SCHOLARSHIPS OFFERED BY SANTA BARABARA SCHOOL

The School of the Arts of the Community Arts Association, Santa Barbara, wishes to find gifted young men and women who will devote their entire time to the study of art if they are relieved at least temporarily of the necessity of making a living. Through recent gifts the school is able to offer several yearly maintenance scholarships to young people of talent and small means.

The scholarships cover complete tuition in courses in graphic, decorative and plastic arts for the term beginning early in October and ending in May, and for the following summer school of six weeks during July and August. Those interested should write to the registrar of the school for application blanks, which must be filed by August 15.

WILL TEACH ART BY WORD AND EXAMPLE

A. Clay Otto, associated with Carmel's art interests for a number of years past, painter, architect, and a theorist whose ideas are of practical value in art, will have classes in the Arts and Crafts Summer School of Art. On every Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoon, at 1:30, he will teach a class in preliminary work and appreciation, and at 2:30 will have his regular study class.

Although Otto's instruction will be directly to the end of painting and color, it will cover a much wider field, taking up all lines of the arts, and giving his pupils a broad general knowledge of the subject. They will work upon canvas as he teaches them method and technique, and his lectures to the classes will have as great a value as his personal supervision and criticism.

WOMEN'S WORK IN OAKLAND GALLERY

The Oakland Art Gallery will hold an exhibition of paintings by western women from July 15 to August 15. Work to be submitted to the juries must reach the gallery by July 9. This exhibition has been timed to coincide with the national convention of the Business and Professional Women's Clubs to be held in Oakland July 17-24. There will also be an exhibit of Walrich pottery at the Oakland gallery from July 15 to August 15.

BOTKES PITCH TENT IN LOS ANGELES

From Los Angeles comes a word from the Botkes: "We have the niftiest little shack and studio, with more of a Paris atmosphere than any place I have seen in America, and as we have some panels to paint that have to be delivered in August we are champing at the bit to get in the place and to work. The contractor promises us we will be in the first of July."

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REALTY NEWS

It is necessary that a fine residence on San Antonio street be sold at once. Six and one-half lots in all. Splendid house with large living room, dining room, three bed rooms, baths kitchen, etc. House is excellently furnished. Also double garage and good apartment with bath for maid or chauffeur. A splendid home for Carmel type of people and ready for occupancy now. For particulars see Mr. DeYoe or Mr. Normand or Mrs. Bostick.
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Red Yesterdays

MORT POUR LA PATRIE

On Detached Service with the French.
Crevecoeur-le-Grand, Oise, June, 1918.

Two French soldiers—dead. Not on a battlefield, but twenty miles back from it. And yet they were the first dead I had seen in the war, and the conditions during the half hour before seeing them made for nervous tension that brought this climax to high pitch.

We were just swinging into operating room routine and finding out what it was all about. Our surgical team of seven members was being welded and hammered into shape for the long months ahead of it, and in that brick hospital of Grandvillers, a few kilometres northwest of Crevecoeur, we got sudden contact with what the French had had for those long years since nineteen-fourteen.

The patient assigned to us lay on the table; our Colonel, then a Major, was reading his report cards and commenting on them to the Lieutenant; the nurses were trying to get instruments and dressings arranged to suit the exacting demands of our chief. The buddy and I were all eyes and fumbling hands, and the sickly sweet of ether in the warm air made the face hot and cold by turns.

"Get him under ether," said the Major, and added in a low voice, "we'll amputate the leg below the knee."

Amputation! The leg, its bandages removed, was mottled white and purple, and had a cold, unhealthy feeling to the touch. Gas gangrene was suspected; gas gangrene, the most terrible of infections; prompt action might save the patient's life—drastic action. And the patient drowsed from the poison that was dulling his brain and numbing his body like some cruel drug in an Oriental torture.

"You," said the Major to me, "hold the leg."

He and the Lieutenant put on a tourniquet, and the patient, now snoring under ether, was as limp as a cloth dummy. The leg, mottled and clammy, lay in my hands . . . the buddy hovered beside me and breathed down my neck. Our first amputation. Speedy operation. Big instruments—knives and saws and pinchers and shears . . .

The leg twitched. Knife cutting the nerve. Bone exposed and scraped clean. Bone sawn into. Say—what in the devil am I going to do with this leg when the bone's sawn through? I cast quick look at the buddy; he had edged toward an open window. The nurses were paying strict attention to their own tasks. I was all alone. Alone with a leg.

The bone parted. The leg fell into my hands. A heavy leg of a muscular man. There I stood, staring down at it. The Lieutenant chuckled. Later I learned that all first amputations upset limb-holders just as I was upset. But it was all so ghastly and new.

"What——" I faltered, "what'll I do with it?"

The Major glared at me through his glasses and impatiently waved a hand. "Put it down—anywhere," he said, "and hold this stump. Got to get this man away as soon as we can."

Into a bucket I put the thing with all the care given a fragile piece of statuary, and busied myself with holding the living remnant of that same leg.

Hours later, near the end of our and while waiting for a patient to arrive, the Major called me to him and I might as well start cleaning up the room! as a starter I would take the amputated leg away. Take the leg—take the——

"Take it—where, Major?"

"Out to the morgue, of course," replied the Major testily. It had been a hard shift; everything was new and different, and he took his surgery with fine seriousness.

The buddy was over by the window again, mouth a little open, and so I threw a towel over the bucket and took it out into the twilight of a French spring day. The sky was stained with sunset, and the wind of day had died to a calm of coming night. From far off over the hills came fretful rumble as of distant thunder, and the guns were making work for us tomorrow.

Down a row of doors in a long, low brick building. Above one door a sign. Slowly I opened the door and stepped into the cool, dim room within. Four candles burned without a flicker. Then they waved back from me as if I had broken in uninvited upon their reverie. And upon two benches, on either side of the candles, were two silent figures, hands folded, eyes closed. Dead men. Frenchmen dead for their country. Oppressively quiet and motionless, those figures. First dead soldiers . . .

How long I stood there, bucket in hand, a living intruder in a room of death and utter stillness, I do not know. But the candles burned on and at last I got my burden out of its bucket and onto the floor, like a poisonous animal cautiously urged out of a cage.

Out—I wanted to get out. But something held me a few seconds longer, and I found my right arm snapping to salute, a salute to the dead. And the candles saluted back—saluted for the folded hands beyond them.

Mort pour la Patrie—Dead for France!

Mrs. M. J. Miller, of San Francisco, Mrs. D. E. Besecker of Oakland, and Mrs. R. Miller, of Alameda were the week end house guests of Mrs. E. H. Leins at her home on San Carlos and Eighth.

NOTICE

Mr. Benjamin Keith, the Steinway expert, will be in Carmel and vicinity for a week or ten days from July 11 prepared to serve those who wish their pianos well cared for.—Adv.

In the Village Street

MY LOST HILL OF REVERIE

East of our village is a hill to whose crest I used to climb at evening to watch the creeping of night's shadows over the sea and tree obscured village. When the day was vanishing, it was a place of solitude where I needn't think, but let the soft color and silence creep into my consciousness. People were not a part of this scene. No sign of them broke the peace of the hill. Change came only with the change of the scenery of day for that of night and it was a soothing process. Magenta and violet rested lightly on the Coast Range and was gone, leaving gray, the color of night. Point Lobos, indicating a path to another continent, was deprived of light but pointed still. Here was a hilltop made for reverie.

A change has come to my hilltop. Six half-finished houses have sprung up there like mushrooms after a rain. A crowd of children have found it to be a fine place for play in the evening. They call to each other and the empty houses answer with echoes of their voices. At the close of the day the owners drive over the newly-cut roads to watch the development of their new homes. I no longer belong there. They have paid for my hill with their gold.

THE NEW PAPA

In passing down Ocean avenue on Newell's side of the street the other day I noticed peculiar goings-on in front of Staniford's Drug Store. A man stood there with a box of cigars in his hand stopping everyone as they passed and saying with enthusiasm a few words that caused some to clap him on the back and others to smile and shake his hand. Still others, who apparently were not acquainted with him, timidly accepted Van Dyke cigars and passed on down the street with puzzled looks on their faces. I stood watching the strange actions of this man wondering if he were giving away sample cigars. I finally decided that he was harmless and, having a woman's curiosity, walked across the street. Seeing me as merely another person to whom to tell the good news he said, "Did you hear about our baby girl? Sure thing, a seven pound girl." "How nice; what's her name?" I asked. He didn't know. The matter of letting people share the good news was so urgent that he hadn't stopped to think of a name to call her by. "She has blue eyes. Have a cigar." Not being the type of lady who smokes cigars I rushed away to find out that the man was Louis Casati, and is quite normal when not performing as all new papas do.

THIS SHOW DIDN'T REPEAT

Here is a good one for the Forest Theater people to enjoy. On last Saturday night, the first night of "If I Were King," the fourth act was finished, the lights were turned on and the audience started to walk out of the theater. In a few minutes every one had left but a few stragglers who remained to greet the players, and a man and a woman in the front row. The couple sat for awhile until finally the man picked up the robes and was heard to remark, "Well I guess there isn't any second show after all! We had better start for home." This also might be taken as a good suggestion for Forest Theater plays in the future.

Bill Is Seing Double

Lindbergh in Carmel? Impossible! And yet his "double" was seen here last week.

It was late in the afternoon, and Bill Overstreet was out puttering in his garden o something. The sewer digging crew was busy at work in that part of town, and Bill decided that now was the time to get a good look at the immense macnine that has been digging the ditches for the new sewer line. He walked over to the machine and watched it for a while. While he was watching, he noticed a young fellow standing near it with his back to Bill. Being interested in the mechanism of the engine he ventured to ask a few questions. The young fellow turned around, and Bill had the surprise of his life. There was Lindbergh! He had the same brown curly hair, blue eyes, and the identical Lindbergh smile. He was even the same height and build as the now world famous aviator! It was some time before Bill could realize that this was Carmel, and there were no air planes in sight.

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SALE

To make room for new shipments a sale of furniture and gifts at greatly reduced prices will commence this week at

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For Each Carmel Problem, No Matter What,

WE'LL CONTINUE PUBLICATION

Rather gracefully, we thought, the Pine Cone edged its mouth about the spoon and took the nasty medicine this week. Hereafter, our paper is not Carmel's official paper, and its readers must look elsewhere in its columns for the interesting items which have usually run on Page 15, under such headlines as "Resolution of Inutention Number 208", or "Ordinance No. 89".

Ever since Carmel became a city of the sixth class, the Carmel Pine Cone has been its official organ, with perquisites. For printing what the law required printed, we have received pay. As the city is nearly as old as the Pine Cone, its paying patronage helped build the paper when it needed help. It may be that now, with the Pine Cone financially solid, the city's aid in building another newspaper is a good thing for the village.

We find ourselves, after twelve years of rather close inner connection with Carmel, legally not a Carmel newspaper. That is, under an amendment to the law passed at the last session of the Legislature, we must actually "impress upon paper" one half of our printing, and set in type one half of our composition within Carmel's city limits, or lose our right to remuneration from the city for printing its legal notices. For the "place of publication" of a newspaper, under California law, is not where it circulates and is read, but is wherever the linotype clicks and the big press rumbles.

The Pine Cone could, without serious inconvenience, replace its factory in Carmel, and so regain legality and the right to offer for the city printing. So, too, might Conrad Immelman place a shoe factory in Carmel to manufacture the shoes he sells us; or Stella install some humming machinery to make shirts; or M. J. Murphy build a saw- and planing-mill to turn out the materials for our homes. But the Pine Cone doesn't advocate mills or factories for Carmel. We believe this town is much better off without them. And we are just going to remain consistent, even if we aren't a legal Carmel newspaper.

And legal, or illegal, of Carmel or elsewhere, reputable or outlaw, the Pine Cone will continue to print Carmel news. Even those news items of Page 15, headlined "Ordinance" and "Notice" will continue to run in the Pine Cone, for they are things of news interest, and the people should know of them. In fact, there will be no difference in the information we give our readers, the people of Carmel, regardless of the law's dictum that we may not be paid for such publication. It will be served up more tastefully, though.

For we never did like the literary style of legal notices. Their headline writer's taste is not our taste. "Whereas" is a good word, but shouldn't be overworked, and "as aforesaid" is a phrase that palls on one in a long legal notice. We'll try our hand at spicing up these ordinances and resolutions of intention—all these tales that Argyll Campbell writes and Saidee Van Brower edits—and giving them interpretation in good, understandable Americanese.

And don't get the impression that we're sore at the city government, and that our columns are open to hammer the Board of Trustees, or anything of that kind. Or that we've become Bolshevik because a State law takes our home away from us. Not at all. Laws are made for the whole people of the State, not for our unique village alone, and in any other city or town in the state, this law quite likely fits. And having lived in Carmel under every Board of Trustees since the city began, we state our sincere belief—regardless of Block 69, and cut-down pine trees, and a bunch of other grievances we may have against them—this Board of Trustees is the best governing body we have yet had. No flattery. We hope there will be better ones in future, and beleive that is possible. But for sincere work and results achieved, this Board deserves the city's thanks.

Carmel Pine Cone

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, CALIF.

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PERRY NEWBERRY and ALLEN GRIFFIN, Publishers

AT THE FOREST THEATRE

By Thodora Gay Flanner

Hither lured by the splendor of an hour,
By odorous pine and pale, quivering star,
Where a stage unrolls in a leafy bower,
With voices that soothe and beguile the air:
Where kings and ladies walk in bright array,
Through the shadowed forest, in slippered feet,
And faded gardens bloom, more bright than they,
Evoking dreams, in soft and measured beat;
Through purple darkness dripping on the ground,
Startled by sudden flare of silver light,
A stir of lifted wings' low, whirring sound,
Lost again in the all-consuming night.
In a vast sea of faces, all the while,
Thinking I see you and your tender smile.

UNWELCOME

By Mary E. Coleridge

(From Collection of Verses, published after her death. Miss Coleridge was the great grand-daughter of the illustrious poet, S. T. Coleridge)

We were young, we were merry, we were very, very wise,
And the door stood open to our feast,
When there passes us a women with the West in her eyes,
And a man with his back to the East.

Oh, still grew the hearts that were beating so fast,
The loudest voice was still.
The jest died away on our lips as they passed,
And the rays of July struck chill.

The ruddy cups of wine turned pale on the board,
The white bread black as soot.
The hound forgot the hand of her lord,
She fell down at his foot.

Let me lie, let me lie, where the dead dog lies,
Ere I sit me down again at a feast
Where there passes a woman with the West in her eyes,
And a man with his back to the East.

A VIRTUOUS LIFE

By Grace Wallace

I wake me up early
And go in the sun
To sing me a roundelay
So I may shun
Speaking dead words
With never a tune,
Lying and dying
From morning till noon.
Dying and lying
From noon till night
As women and men do—
By candle light,
I wake me up early
And go in the sun
To the dune and the forest
Till day is done.
After prayers I sleep
Till dawn begins,
And thus scarcely need
To count my sins.

THEY'LL HAVE TO SHOW US

"And we make a standing offer to give milk to any family that will come to us and show that they are unable to pay 14 cents a quart," says the Carmel Dairy Depot, in a letter sent out to its trade.

This is in answer to "articles in the Pine Cone that have bitterly and unjustly complained against the recent raise in the price of milk in Carmel." The adjectives are not ours, but from the circular. The Pine Cone has not been bitter; certainly not unjust. The Pine Cone has called attention to the fact that, without proper excuse, two dairies handling the bulk of Carmel's business—or doing so at the time—combined to boost milk prices at the beginning of the summer season, when it not only would hurt regular residents, but would give the town a bad name with summer visitors.

And this answer of the Carmel Dairy is BLAH! Nothing else but. Their "standing offer" means no more than their other statements, for no family unless they were absolute paupers—which Carmel has not—could show inability to pay two cents more a quart for milk. What the Carmel Dairy wants to get across is that they are benevolent; what we say of them is that they are hypocrites.

For the Carmel Dairy, and its partner in this hold-up, the Eureka Dairy, know that an increase of 16 2-3 per cent in the cost of any staple product is serious to families of moderate means, and that any general raise of such proportion would mean hunger for many. Suppose the grocers of Carmel combined to raise prices of bread, butter, flour and sugar 16 2-3 per cent, what would be the result? And if the dairies can get away with it, why not the grocers?

No. We say of these dairies that they are far away from American principles, even if they are within the edges of American law, which we question. We submit that for two years Perry MacDonald refused to enter into such an agreement, or raise his prices by such means. And we have not the slightest bit of confidence in the benevolence or philanthropy of this offer "to give milk to any family that will come to us and show that they are unable to pay 14 cents a quart."

KEEP AWAY FROM CITY NOTIONS

Big city stuff at the Trustees meeting last Tuesday night: concrete on the streets, storm sewers, dogs to go on leashes. A visitor at the Board room would have thought he was in a city of size, tightly congested, not a scattered village in a woods.

How is it that we get such important ideas of Carmel's needs? Why do we think that vast sums of money need be spent on storm waters and concrete? Is it that the people of Carmel are demanding of its governing body these "improvements"?

It is not. No petitions were read at Tuesday night's meeting begging for concrete "from city limit to city limit," or concrete on Santa Lucia from "San Carlos to the Sea." Neither was there any delegation of taxpayers present urging gutters all over town. The only man at the meeting doing any urging was Steve Reynolds, pleading for the dogs.

People don't come to Carmel either for the summer, or to live, because of big city stuff, concrete or leashed dogs. On the

The Editors Offer All That They've Got

contrary, because it has retained its village atmosphere, remained a place where people could bring their pets, Carmel has thrived. Let us continue rural and prosperous.

TENNIS COURTS ON BLOCK 69

The horseshoe pitchers are moving onto Block 69. Good business. Their neat and attractive place, with its activity, has been one of Ocean Avenue's interesting features. It would be too bad to have it disappear from the main street.

Of sports, quoits has an honorable and classical history. Under the name of discus-throwing, it formed one of the five games of the Greek pentathlon. It dates from the fifteenth century in England, on the borderland of Scotland—Oh, look it up for yourself in the encyclopaedia!

Perhaps not so many pitch horseshoes as play tennis. Maybe it doesn't attract to its contests so large an audience as tennis. Yet it is entitled to a place on the City Block, and in the hearts of its countrymen. And it will hamper in no way the building of tennis courts there.

FINI LA GUERRE

The war of the Abalones is over. Except for Doc Standiford, casualties are all out of hospitals. Grass will grow thick and deep upon the battlefield in Carmel Woods, hiding the scars of war, made by sliding to second.

Let's hold a post mortem, and see what we've won in this war for democracy. Democracy, we repeat. Reat the list of club members, the players of the Abalone League, and you'll have a cross-section of Carmel, from its tallest high-brows to its closest clipped short-hairs. Take it on the basis of ages, and you get from infancy to dotage—the Seven Ages, and then some—male and female, sui generis. Figure the batting orders on your adding machine, and it will foot up from minus-nothing to the high brackets of the income tax.

And the best man is he who can place the ball where they ain't, or can wiggle a wicked leg from first to second, or lift a mit high and hold what hits it. And the sweetest girl is she who will lean against it, and try to run out the throw. Sure that's democracy.

And the fruits of victory are health and bloom; discipline of mind and muscle; courtesy and gallantry. These things for the warriors. For the people of Carmel, a clean sport in which all may take pleasure, if not part, and true community spirit.

THANK YOU, MR. STAGEMAN

Some of us who haven't cars, but do have business in Monterey, ought to voice appreciation of the new stage schedule, that makes possible getting there and getting back from there without loss of most of a day. It is a matter of congratulation every time we have to make use of a bus.

Nine stages each way in a day are a great improvement over former conditions, and make real service between the two towns. We are apt to accept such improvements as matters of fact, and forget that the proprietors of the transit company might have gone along without bettering conditions. When they do show an inclination to give fine service, we should show appreciation.

People Talked About

An invitation has come to me from the Detroit Saddle and Sulky Club to attend its first annual circuit trotting meeting. Writ upon it in the hand of Peggy Palmer, is certain information that we pass on to the readers of "Me and Mencken." Peggy says:

"My poppa sed he would pay me a dollar an hour for sending out these invitations, so it took me three days. This kind of emplyment is more financial than getting 15c an inch off the Pine Cone, but not nearly so noble! I have sent passes to all of my deerest friends, including Mr. Mencken.

"Maybe you had better frame this note, or have it stuffed, because tomorrow I am going to ride one of Mrs. Navin's jumpers in the show, and I don't know any more about jumping than a Carmel sand-flee. But they all think I can, and I don't like to seem cowerdly. If anything like that should happen, you can send poppies to the Finnegan Embalmers, Detroit. If not, I will be back in Carmel next September with a yard of blue ribbons."

* * * *

Miss Irene Lewisohn of the famous Neighborhood Playhouse, Grand street, New York, was in town over the Fourth. She gave a pleasant report of Christine Burton and Ralph Geddis, both of whom are now with her at The Playhouse and doing excellent work. Miss Lewisohn and her sister have maintained the Neighborhood Settlement and Playhouse for years, and have put on productions of such fine distinction, originality and beauty as to command the respect of every dramatic critic in New York.

Miss Lewisohn was interested in the local theaters, and asked many questions about them, asking especially whether anything definitely new had been developed here as a result of the long experience on an outdoor stage in distinction to indoor work. She is at present particularly interested in effects to be gained with lights thrown on natural settings, trees, rocks and so forth.

It is interesting just here to recall to the memory of the first night audience at "If I Were King" the burst of applause that greeted the first light thrown on the pine trees at the back of the stage, in the second act. The effect was so magical that the audience was captivated, even before the full light revealed Mr. Emens' set.

* * * *

Francis Josef Hickson, who was the Fra Junipero Serra of the pageants at Monterey during the Serra Pilgrimage, is now doing professional work with Marion Craig Wentworth, author of "War Brides" and other successful dramas, in out of door theatricals. Recently they dedicated the Tahoe Tamarack Theatre, near Tahoe Tavern, with three plays by Hartley Alexander. Hickson, who appeared in the leading roles, added to the reputation he has won in the last few years a distinct triumph and demonstrated that he has the power to transmit to an audience the most intense emotion. He was seen in characters widely differing in their demands upon his talents and in all proved himself endowed with something akin to real genius. Fortunate in the possession of a beautiful body and a melodious voice he played with a fine sincerity and exercised restraint where it would have been easy to become melodramatic.

* * *

Former City Trustee Bill Maxwell, now in the navy as captain of the port, or something, at Boston, has a brother-in-law named Eli K. Cole. Last Saturday, this brother-in-law of Bill's arrived in San Francisco via the Panama canal from New York, and took over command of the Pacific department of the United States Marine Corps—Major General Cole.

* * * *

Two old-time San Francisco newspaper boys helped in putting over last Saturday's Saturday Evening Post. Bob Edgren had a story, "The Calker," and Meg McGeehan had an article on "The Golden Stallion."

Robert O. Edgren was a cartoonist on the San Francisco Examiner a score of years ago, doing political work mostly. He began frequenting prize fights with old W. W. McNaughten, dean of sports writers. That started Bob's downfall, for he began making "pug" pictures for the sports pages, then got into the writing game doing the fights. Like most of them that went from San Francisco to New York, the big metropolis held no terrors, and he made good from the jump. "The Calker" is the first fiction story I have seen of his. Prize-fight stuff but knowledgable, and in the language of the ring.

Walter O. McGeehan was reporter and afterwards editor of the sport section of the San Francisco Chronicle. He married Sophie Treadwell who used to come to Carmel, and play at the Forest Theatre. Meg visited here frequently before they went to New York, where Sophie has had two plays on Broadway—neither one running strong or long—and Meg became managing editor of the Sun, and one of the highest authorities upon all matters of sport. He contributes regularly to many magazines.

* * * *

Edward Berwick thanks us for dubbing him "Pacifism's War Horse," and adds, humorously, "say me not 'Nay' when I neigh in reply." To an editorial a week or two ago in the Pine Cone, he counters with: "Zeppelins and airplanes truly played part in the late world war, but a very minor part, as did poison gas. Where there was one plane then, there are fifty now; one aeronaut then, a hundred now. Britain this year has allotted 33,000 men to her air service. In 1918, our Edgewood arsenal was almost equipped to produce monthly 13,000 tons of poison gas producing compounds, while Germany's weekly output was only 210 tons. As to the protection of masks, how long would life be worth living with every man, woman and child wearing a hideous mask morning, noon, and night? Picture it, think of it, and then join the growing band of Pacifist War Horses! Stop the idocy of war."

* * * *

Carmel had a "Lindy" of its own last week end. On Monday, Norman Miller, son of Ralph Davison Miller, who is prominent in Carmel's art colony, arrived here by the air route from Los Angeles. Young Miller had two passengers with him Edward Waterhouse and Gardner Lippincott. They flew to San Francisco from Los Angeles in about four hours, and after their visit to Carmel made it back to Los Angeles in three hours and fifteen minutes. The plane is called the "Eagle Rock" and it created no little excitement when it landed in the field near the Carmel Mission on Monday morning.

Miller stated that he plans to return to Carmel in about two weeks. At that time he will bring passengers up from the south.

* * * *

A moneyless island, where tea is cash, is the strangest thing Steve Glassell found in his wanderings, acording to an interview he gave a Bulletin reported. This freak land is Fair Isle of the Outer Hebrides, northwest of Great Britain, and its people have no money, and won't take any; but tea—meaning, I presume, the ordinary tea of commerce—green or black, Oolong or Japan—will buy anything that is loose on the island.

The census of the population is one hundred twenty-seven, Scotch descent, a primitive people. The Bulletin was not informed as to how many pounds of tea Steve had with him, or whether he is now importing Hebrides wollen golf socks to be sold at Del Monte tea parties.

* * * *

Ever since Paul Flanders began doing things on stage he has had a strange obsession. No matter how carefully prepared to perform his part, how thoroughly familiar he might be in his lines, or how well he was rehearsed in the action and business, for hours before the performance and during the first few minutes on stage, he would be in a blue funk. Early in the afternoon of the play, this dread feeling would begin to settle upon him; by dinner time he was unable to eat a thing, and when the overture began, he would be a shivering and helpless wreck.

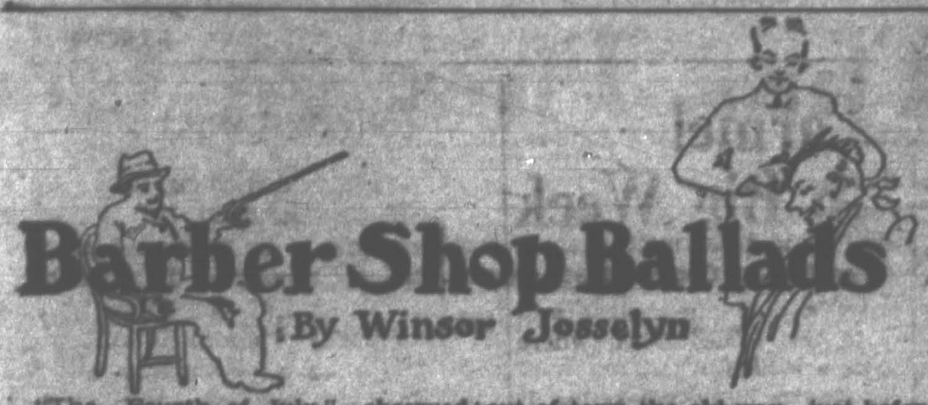
In "The Bad Man," after it had played enough so that Flanders' part was almost automatic, this malady persisted. His mouth would get so dry from nervousness that he couldn't lick the cigarette that he rolled at his first entrance. Once he had to stow it unfinished in his vest pocket because of no saliva. Then he placed glasses of water hither and yon behind scenes where he could moisten his parched throat so that words could come through. If the audience never noticed this malady, it merely proved Flanders' power of mind over matter; but there was, and has been up and until last Saturday night, a strange obsession that dragged like a pall on this actor's spirit.

Flanders was not well prepared to go on as Captain of the Watch in "If I Were King." His rehearsals had been too few, and he was not a bit certain of his lines. He was, in fact, in the shape that would cause nervousness in either amateur or professional. So he waited last Saturday afternoon for the blue funk to come and drag him down with its merciless nervous strain.

Nothing came; nothing happened. The afternoon hours sped blithely by. Flanders went home to an appetizing dinner, and gorged. Nothing worried his appetite. Nothing bothered the flow of his saliva. He was his own man, and captain of his soul for the first first-night in his stage experience.

And so at the performance. I saw it, and can say that there was no lack of spittal in Flanders' tones. He could have licked a dozen cigarettes and two wild cats that night. The pall had lifted. The obsession was gone.

No moral to this tale. Psychologists might find that what Paul Flanders needs for his malady is a complete lack of knowledge of the part he plays, its lines and business. But that wouldn't explain the very evident excellence he gave the role of Captain of the Watch. The thing isn't explainable. And it isn't moral.



Barber Shop Ballads

By Winsor Josselyn

"The Fourth of July," observed old Al, the oracle of the tiny barber shop, as the barber frowned upon remnants of a firecracker among the honeysuckle that framed the doorway, "used to be a day of powder and patriotism. Now it's just a silence and sleep. But believe me, Carmel had on real Fourth a few years ago, that they still talk about around the driftwood fires."

This said, and the barber lured inside by hint of another story, old Al let himself into the guest chair in the corner and continued with his talk.

"Maybe you've seen the big excavation that's on your left as you go out of town the old way—just before you get to the auto camp. Well, most folks believe that it was made by the road mending crew, gettin' dirt for our more or less improved streets. But it wasn't. It was made by a Fourth of July celebration. And that was before signs said that explosions of safety matches would be held only on the sand dunes of the beach.

"And let me tell you that the rocks and brush and little pine trees came down for about an hour after the fuse was touched off. All came about through wantin' to outdo Pacific Grove."

The old timer consulted a round watch that was as fat as a pup dog, and finding that it was an hour and a half to lunch, as warned by his niece at breakfast, resumed the thread of his historical narrative.

"Seems like the Grove hankered to attract attention and didn't like the idea of Carmel gettin' into all the headlines of the city papers. So the live wires of town got together on the busy corner and allowed as how they'd do something that would put the country right on its ear. They decided, all secret and alone, to blow up a boat down by the Pacific Grove breakwater—make it look like it was all unplanned and just happened accidental. As if somebody had been goin' past and his fishin' yacht had decided to settle right there, after busting its boiler and burning to the water's edge. Of course, they made one big mistake, which they found out later. And that was to let one Carmelite in on the secret. I won't tell you his name, because he still lives here.

And when this here citizen of our village gets wind of what they was aimin' to do, he kites out over the hill just as fast as horse and bicycle and shoe leather could take him and tells the public-spirited boys what was goin' to happen. And so they caught the idea and what they did by way of competition was just too bad, as the niece says. They planted dynamite enough to move a battleship, and done it over where that there excavated place is."

The cane was thumped against a shoe in futile attempt to catch a fly asleep, and, this being found a waste of time upon the second trial, the story went ahead.

"What they did do, just a bit before the thing went off, was to send over to Pacific Grove word that engine trouble had developed in the boat and that it would be an hour late, pretendin' that it was the boat owner that was doin' the talkin' And they said suspiciously, like a rumor, that they heard as how Carmel was goin' to have a wild time and why not go over there in the meantime and see what it was all about.

"Well, that was too good to miss. Over they went, the whole crew of plotters, and of course while they was away the boat came along by the Grove breakwater, big as life, and did its stuff and sank and the owner had to jump for his life, and there wasn't a soul there to watch it happen. All the newspaper fellers was over in Carmel. And that was how the two towns didn't speak for weeks and weeks."

Again consulting the watch, the venerable sage took himself out the door, with a word of farewell, and went down the busy street in search of Sam Rogers, whom he'd seen just a moment before. And Sam, having stopped to chat with Delos Curtis, was quickly discovered and proved an amiable companion in conversation. And the Fourth furnished memories for each, judging from the laughter that they indulged in as they went on down the sidewalk.

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A DARN GOOD SHOW

(Continued from Page One)

quarter of a century ago.

And Francois Villon is a product of that time, and George Ball is of today, which is the reason that the latter did not fit the vagabond poet's clothes, or lift the audience into love for him—not even its feminine half. Surely that was the intent of the author of the play; certainly Sothern did just that. Every woman in his audience fell in love with him—just as every man fell head over heels in love with Gladys Vander Roest, as Katherine de Vaucelles the other night.

She had "It"—to be modern and slangy. Gladys Vander Roest was the beautiful, sweet voiced, inspiringly romantic figure that the playwright drew, and the drama called for. Not since the days of Michal in "David" has greater loveliness filled the leading lady's part. And she can act, as well as send her melodious lines, full chested, organ-like, out to the farthest seats under the oak. The eye and the ear satisfied, then come the thrills of splendid action when the part demands.

Eugene Watson played a consistently fine Tristan l'Hermite, the King's confidant, with much to do in getting across what had to be told in the first act, and possessed of a fine voice and clear enunciation with which to do it. Costume and make-up both were good, which is worthy of note, for some of the costumes were awful! Watson made a satisfactory figure to the eye, and was a constant blessing to the ear, throughout.

Fletcher Dutton, too soft of voice, acted well a comedy part that served as a foil to Villon, Noel le Jolys. As Oliver le Dain, Kenneth Lyman, did his two "bits" well; and Paul Flanders was a roaring Captain of the Watch.

There was in the group of Villon's vagabonds the evidence of rehearsing and work that was so lacking in the Court Ladies and the King's soldiery. When the roisterers came on, the play lifted in a way that the whole army, with or without song, couldn't do for it. They were all good, but particularly so were two—Robert Hestwood and Robert Stanton.

True, the author was partly responsible, for as Rene de Montigny, Hestwood had lines of considerable importance, that he put over well, and his acting was always good. But Stanton, as Colin de Cayeulx, had small opportunity, yet stood out mightily. It required something to show above the work of this group of splendid minor players, almost supers. It required considerable, in Act 1, for King Louis and his familiar, sitting at the table across stage, to get over to the audience what had to be said, against the interesting byplay of this rowdy bunch of vagabonds. Maybe they had been directed to subdue their spirits in this part of the play for the play's good, but if so, their spirits were not of the subduable kind. And it didn't matter.

To me, knowing little of music, this losing it somewhere behind stage has no appeal. If it hits the most of the audience differently, they didn't show it, but talked through overture and entr'actes just as though an orchestra wasn't playing. All right in a cafe to hide 'em behind palms, the more distant the better; you come to dine and talk; but a far tinkle of instruments at the theatre isn't my idea a-tall! The best music at the Forest Theatre—I'm speaking of entr-acte music—was the Shavich quartette of "A Thousand Years Ago," and Search's Marines of "Pygmalion and Galatea," who played from the platform at right of the stage, front, and silenced the audience into breathlessness. Nobody can do that from behind stage, under stage, or off the lot.

Well, anyhow, it was a darn good show, and nobody but me, maybe, will carp at it. I've seen a number of Forest Theatre productions that couldn't hold a candle to "If I Were King," and not so many that bettered it. I applaud whole heartedly.

Clay Otto has joined the staff of the Arts and Crafts Summer School. He will direct classes in color harmony and its practical application.

Jakie May and M. Stoney received severe burns on their hands and wrists last Monday when a fuse from a firecracker burned as they were setting it off.

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Horses and Men of Carmel Will Be In Big Week

Cowboys picturesque in bright colored blouses and large hats, fine spirited horses and charging bulls—all these are typical of the annual Salinas Rodeo that takes place this year from July 20-24. Already Carmel is making its plans to take an active part in this colorful event.

Lynn Hodges of the San Carlos Riding Academy is planning to enter horses in some of the events—the well-reined contests, bucking, trick roping and riding and the saddle horses and pony races. "Ginger" the snappy little pony, will be entered in the pony races. "Tex" Ralbourne will enter his horse, "Pancho," in several of the events. He plans also to take part in the roping contests. Many other horses from Modges and the Bettie Greene stables will be ridden in the parades by Carmel people. The parades are held every day at one held every day at one o'clock and go out to the Rodeo park, where the events are held.

The Rodeo or "Big Week," as it is called by Salinas people, is an event that attracts crowds from all over the west. The finest horses in this part of the country are entered in the events. After four days of merriment, the Rodeo ends with the "Colmada del Rodeo," the Saturday night festival. The feature of this festival is the "mardi gras" parade. Floats from all nearby towns are entered in this.

This year the Rodeo committee is offering a purse of $1750 for the bucking horse contest, while $1,000 is the prize for bull riding.

Thursday, July 21, has been designated as "Kiddie's Day," and all youngsters under 16 years of age will be admitted free.

FOR INFORMATION AS TO PROPERTY IN AND ABOUT CARMEL ADDRESS CARMEL DEVELOPMENT COMPANY

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FASHIONABLE THRONG HERE FOR HOLIDAYS

Hotel Del Monte and Del Monte Lodge at Pebble Beach were filled to the brim with a fashionable throng of socially prominent guests during the recent holidays. The famous Del Monte grill was packed with gay parties every evening and even more brilliant groups made the Lodge their evening rendezvous. The Roman Plunge was the universal gathering place in the afternoons, except for the more ardent golfers who spent the greater part of the day on either Del Monte or Pebble Beach golf courses.

Work is progressing on the new school room at the Sunset School. It will be ready for occupancy when school opens in the fall.

CABBAGES AND KINGS COMES TO LIFE AGAIN

After a few months tour of Europe, Mr. and Mrs. Hobart Glassell have returned to Carmel and brought with them a new stock of goods for their shop, "Cabbages and Kings." On or about the first day of April a sign appeared in Glassell's shop on Ocean Avenue, on which appeared the legend, "Be back in June." This week the sign was taken out, and the shop is again open for business.

This sign is definite proof that Carmel is "different," for where else in the United States would a shop keeper leave a thriving business closed for a vacation in Europe? It is understood that Glassell has brought with him a new supply of sweaters and woolen goods from England and Scotland.

BURGLARIES COME FAST

(Continued from Page One)

they heard foot-steps as the thief or thieves rushed out of the back door.

Three other places were entered on Sunday night, the home of J. H. Payne on Carmelo, the Cornelis Botke house on San Antonio, and the home of Mrs. M. W. George at Carmel Highlands. A few small articles were taken from the Botke place, a pair of binoculars from Mr. Payne's and a few things from Mrs. George's home. The binoculars taken from Payne's were left at the George place and another pair taken from there.

City Marshal Gus Englund is investigating the burglaries. This is said to be the first time in the history of the city that such a string of thievery has occurred. Other places have been entered before, but robberies such as these have been very scarce.

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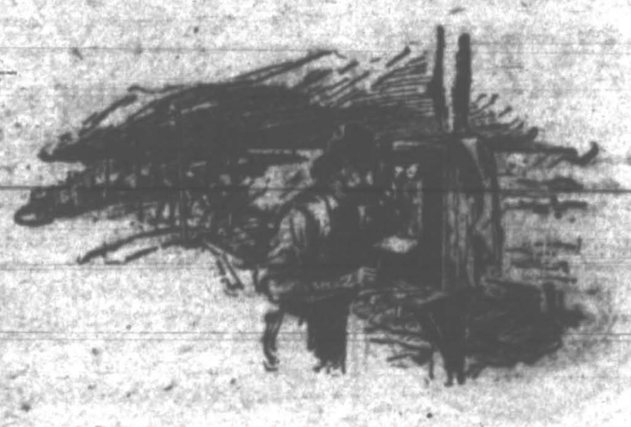

Testing Times

ON a levee at a bend in the Mississippi a thousand men were building with sand-bags a second-line defense against rising waters which threatened hundreds of miles of fertile cropland. Over a telephone, housed in a wooden box nailed to a tree, an engineer was talking to headquarters—reporting on the progress of the work, asking for reinforcements and additional material, receiving Weather Bureau forecasts which would be vitally important to him in planning the strategy of this grim battle for lives and property.

The telephone had been put in service but a few minutes before, after a construction crew had worked from sunrise to sunset, often waist-deep in swamp water, to string fifteen miles of line to this isolated outpost.

Such is telephone service in an emergency—service in which telephone men and women do very much the same things they do every day of their lives, but do them under conditions that give vivid emphasis to the import of their efficiency, devotion, and fidelity to public interests.

In such crises, when even the most commonplace of calls may become a matter of life or death, the public realizes its day-by-day dependence upon the telephone and upon the men and women who make of it an instrumentality of human service.

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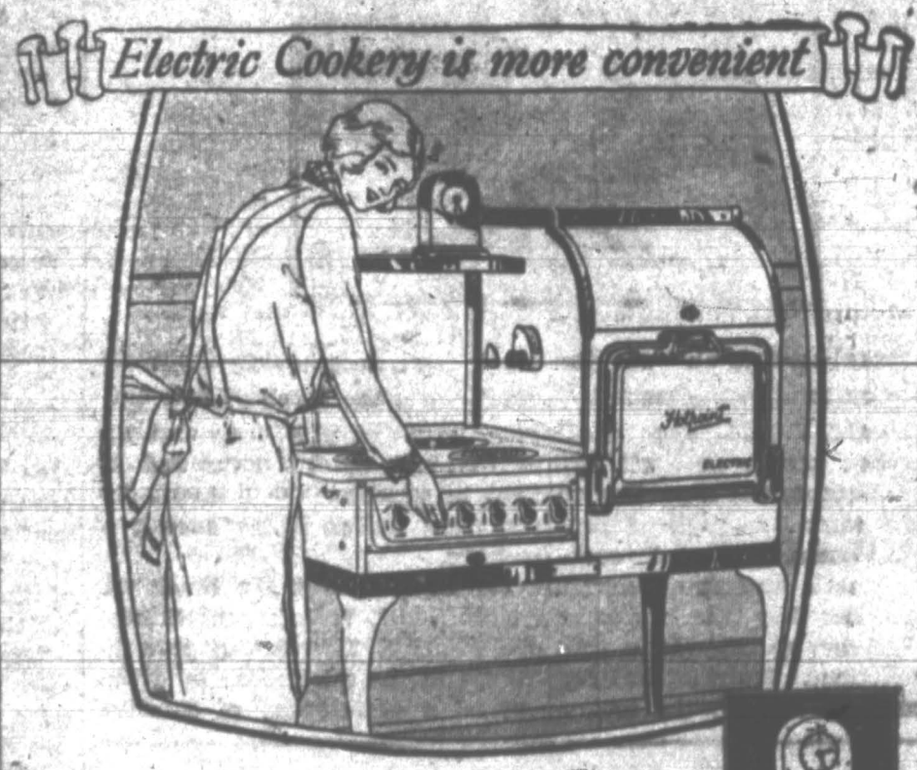

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COAST VALLEYS GAS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY

Carmel's Beach Crowded Over Independence Day

"Sky rocket-sis-bom-ah" was the pass word on the Carmel beach last Monday night, July 4, when about two hundred people shot off fire works to celebrate the day. For an hour, just after dark, the air was afire with Roman candles, sky rockets, spin wheels and fire crackers. Out over the bay the fireworks blazed, lighting up the waters with their reflections. Many of the fire works could be seen by the townspeople from their homes—those who didn't go to the beach. Little children, boys and girls, men and women all took equal pleasure and delight in watching the brilliant display that looked like a shower of meteors.

The full length of the beach was crowded with visitors over Sunday and Monday. The weather man did his bit in the celebration by giving Carmel a perfect day of sunshine and warmth. Many spent the day there swimming in the ocean and diving through the salty breakers, while others basked in the sunlight. Beach suppers and weinie roasts were the order of the evening. Smoke from the camp fires could be seen coming up from every sheltered cove on the beach. From the contented expressions on the faces of people it can truthfully be said that "a good time was had by all."

In Some Ways We Can Learn of Them

By Elizabeth White

Arthur Cyril, recently of Carmel, directed the pageant given at Los Gatos on June 24th and 25th. The playwright is Ignacio Ortega. Time 1865, and setting old California of the Spanish days.

As to beauty of setting, charm of effect, the pageant left little to be desired. As to individual acting, it left much.

The play, set in an environment of Spanish influence, with peaceful hospitality, sleepy charm, but slipping under the resented Gringo influence, was delightful despite its many weaknesses of plot. The charm was there. There is always charm in Arthur Cyril's work. He has the true "know" of settings, groupings, and of dramatic effects to be gained by individual and collective work. But, it is hardly fair to a director, however powerful, to expect a presentation of heroic-thrill from a timid hero, or a smell of sulphur from a palpably kindly villain. Cyril did his best, but one summer is not long enough for creating—or polishing up—actors. He needs more time and fewer people for good work. He needs a little theatre.

But we are getting away from the pageant which was really good. It held the interest. It was convincing as it led us swiftly back to that long-dead day of a delightful, if inefficient, order as it changed reluctantly into the new. When the gentle art of hospitable living drew back from the pressure of the needs of the many who came, stamping out the old clearly defined paths.

The villain, discouragingly mild, with his following of hill-bandits, came riding down out of the night, and into the gardens of the laughter-filled rancho. He threw down his gauntlet. We had to look about a bit for it. And the hero—perhaps too new a hero—appeared to take it up with some hesitation. We gripped our benches and so wanted him to shout in firm tones that he would do or die and all that sort of thing. No one should have demanded that he do a Douglas Fairbanks trick in leaping upon his horse, but then again he need not have kept us tense while he crawled upon his handsome naimal. But he was lost in the memory of the reckless, rushing, spectacular riding of the bandits as they zig-zagged across the trails of the hills back of the stage. Good riding. Splendid effects. The waterfall in the background, lighted, was attractive, but not an aid to hearing the gentle voice of the attractive leading woman, Miss McKinly. She was good and very winsome in her young beauty, as was her sister-in-the-play, Miss Wilson. A professional touch was given by Mr. Walton, who had but little opportunity to show what he could do in the small part of the Padre.

Well, anyone can tear a thing down, but few can build. And Arthur Cyril can build. This year's Pageant is considered the best ever put on in Los Gatos.

Why doesn't Carmel copy Mr. Cyril's water-screen, and save the eyesight and tempers of the Forest Theatre advocates?

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. McClellan of the International Mercantile Marine Company of San Francisco spent the Fourth with Captain and Mrs. Fritz Krejcik (Helen Sterling).

Miss Hortense Lion and Jeanette Booksin of San Jose were the guests for a few days this week of Mrs. William Blauer of Carmel, who is Miss Lion's sister.

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CLEVER INVENTIONS ARE THIS ARTIST'S SPECIALTY

By Pauline Meeks

The first time I saw one of those clever bookworm bookmarks was in a shop in Monterey. An accompanying card stated that they were designed by a Carmel artist. By inquiry I found that they were designed by Barbara Fairbairn, a young lady who is probably going to make a million dollars with one of her keen ideas some day. She has done some air-post stickers to identify air mail, all of them decorated with winged creatures, an unusually attractive one being a colorful butterfly.

I found this clever young person in a smock to match her curly red hair. Painting on a large scale is fine exercise, and Mrs. Fairbairn was having a glorious time spreading gray paint on the outside of her studio home when I interrupted with a request to see her work.

She has what she calls Carol Cromes, tinted photographs of her little daughter Carol, hanging in her studio. "These," she said, indicating the Carol Cromes, air mail stamps and bookworms, "are only a side-line. My heart is set on portraits." Each day she does a sketch of either a pair of hands or feet. Her teacher in New York once told her that by their hands and feet one knew a portrait painter.

She told me that she had thought of the air-mail sticker idea in 1925 when sending letters by air from New York to her friends in California. To make the letters decorative, she had drawn butterflies and written "air mail" on them.

Besides her art work Mrs. Fairbairn writes children's books, one of which has been accepted recently by a New York company to be published for the coming Christmas season.

No. of Bank 790

Combined Report of Condition

OF

THE BANK OF CARMEL

AS OF

Close of Business, June 30, 1927

RESOURCES

	Commercial	Savings	Combined
1 & 2. Loans and discounts (including rediscounts)	$252 476 85	$202 736 27	$455 213 12
4. Overdrafts	166 63		166 63
6. United States securities owned	24 539 05	3 000 00	27 539 05
7. Bonds, warrants, securities (including premiums thereon, less all offsetting bond adjustment accounts	11 840 74		11 840 74
8. Bank premises, furniture, fixtures and safe deposit vaults	16 430 81		16 430 81
10. Due from Federal Reserve Bank	10 000 00	5 000 00	15 000 00
11. Due from other banks	94 966 12	27 079 55	122 045 67
12. Actual cash on hand	15 835 06		15 835 06
14. Checks and other cash items	2 60		2 60
17. Other resources	1 230 90		1 230 90
Total	$427 488 76	$237 815 82	$665 304 58

LIABILITIES

	Commercial	Savings	Combined
18. Capital paid in	$30 000 00	$20 000 00	$ 50 000 00
19. Surplus	8 000 00	2 000 00	10 000 00
21. All undivided profits (less expenses, interest and taxes paid	8 623 07	6 167 74	14 790 81
26. Deposits due to Banks			
27a. Dividends Unpaid			
27b. Individual deposits subject to check	350 019 48		350 019 48
27c. Savings deposits		209 648 08	209 648 08
27f. Certifi'd checks	2 730 65		2 730 65
27g. Cashier's ch'ks	13 745 08		13 745 08
28. State, county and municipal deposits	14 370 48		14 370 48
Total	$427 488 76	$237 815 82	$665 304 58

State of California } ss.
County of Monterey }

C. O. Goold, Vice-President, and B. J. Segal, Secretary of the Bank of Carmel, being duly sworn, each for himself, says he has a personal knowledge of the matters contained in the foregoing report of condition and that every allegation, statement, matter and thing therein contained, is true to the best of his knowledge and belief.

(Signed) C. O. GOOLD, Vice-President.
(Signed) B. J. SEGAL, Secretary.

Severally subscribed and sworn to before me, by both deponents the 6th day of July, 1927.

[Seal] R. C. DeYOE,
Notary Public in and for said County of Monterey, State of California.

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Village News Reel

The July reception of the Carmel Calendar will be held this evening at 8 p.m. at the studio of Miss Josephine Culbertson and Miss Ida Johnson, south-east corner of Seventh and Lincoln streets. Dr. Poteat of Shanghai, China will discuss conditions in that country, and a social evening will be enjoyed. The Carmel Calendar is to be held once a month under the auspices of the Women's Auxiliary of the Community Church. A different committee represents each Month and conducts the Calendar affair for that month. It is open to the public and men are especially invited.

An annoucement has been made by Miss Wasson, librarian of the Carmel Library, that the reading room will be open from now on through the summer, from ten to twelve in the mornings, and from two to five in the afternoon.

The home of the MacGowan-Cookes, in Hatton Fields, will shortly be under way, for Miss Katharine Cooke has signed a contract with Lee Gottfried for its building. The residence is a large one, part of it two stories, and is upon a large lot in among the pines between the George Schweninger place and the home of the Neb Lewises.

Mrs. Valentine Mott Porter has gone down the coast to spend a week at the Trails Club, taking with her a party which includes Valentine Porter, Miss Gertrude Mackaye and Mr. Horace Swope of St. Louis.

A spectacle case and a lady's sweater were picked up in the Forest Theatre auditorium after the shows. The owners should telephone Carmel 41.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Wyman Lawrence of Florida have taken the Kinsell Ginestra cottage for July. Lawrence is a brother of Hamilton Lawrence, who has been here for some time.

Horace Swope, an art critic of St. Louis, is in Carmel on a visit.

Mrs. Alexis Crane of Uplands, Cal., is visiting in Carmel for the summer, at the Newmark cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Griffen of San Jose, with family, are tenants of the Cole cottage on San Carlos street for the summer.

A large crowd attended the first tea of a series to be given by the Arts and Crafts Club last Sunday, and enjoyed the exhibition of batiks and shawls by William Barry of Hollywood. Mrs. C. T. Butcher was the hostess of the afternoon. Those who helped serve were Helen Willard, Betty Bougher, Cornelia De Haaff, Charlotte Waterman and Eva Belle Adams.

During the afternoon, the shawls were exhibited to the crowd by the girls who served tea. They are lovely things, and are made of both silk and velvet with corresponding colors in the designs.

Miss Moira Wallace is here for the holidays, with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Grant Wallace. She is now working in San Francisco with the Foster and Kleiser company. Miss Wallace's drawings are seen frequently in San Francisco newspapers.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Short and their son are back from a business trip to Fresno.

Harry Mallinger of the Studio restaurant made a short business trip to San Francisco this week.

The barnyard golf links, beside the auto cleaning works on Ocean avenue, is being removed to the city's property, Block 69, at Ocean and Mission. Quoits has become one of Carmel's most popular sports.

Miss Pauline Newman visited at the Highlands the first of the week. She arrived from San Francisco on Saturday.

Tirey Ford of San Francisco visited in Carmel this week. Mr. Ford is the author of the book on California history, recently published, "Dawn and the Dons."

The Carmel fire department was called away from the Forest Theater last Saturday night to extinguish a small brush fire at the home of Peter Taylor on Camino Real. No damage was done.

Cornelia De Haaff and Betty Bougher recently arrived in Carmel from Los Angeles. They intend to spend the summer here.

Helen Cochrane of Santa Rosa is in Carmel for a month's visit. She is staying at the Rigner cottage on Dolores street.

Georgia Sally White of Berkeley visited in Carmel over the holidays. Miss White lived here some time ago when she taught at the Sunset school.

Mrs. Florence Thornton came down from Berkeley on last Saturday to visit friends until Monday.

Mrs. W. L. Bonfils, "Annie Laurie" of the San Francisco Examiner, spent the week end in Carmel at her home on the Point. While here she attended the Forest Theatre production of "If I Were King."

Mrs. Taylor McDonald and her two daughters, Miss Margaret and Miss Jean, of Santa Barbara, are occupying Mrs. Acton Wall's cottage on Ocean and Carmelo for six weeks.

Carmel had its place in the Fourth of July parade in Monterey last Monday morning. Betty Greene was there with several of the local youngsters, one of whom was Jane Hopper, dolled up in a sombrero, Spanish jacket and trousers.

Marie Onions of the Oakland Tribune was in town last week. Miss Onions is editor of the Women's club page of this paper. She is a graduate of the University of California, and wrote the Parthenela, annual fete of the women of the University in 1923. Shortly after her graduation she joined the staff of the Post Enquirer of Oakland, and remained with them for a year and a half. After touring the state for several months on a pleasure trip, she returned to Oakland and began her work with the Tribune. She is a frequent visitor to Carmel.

Miss Isabel Jackson of Berkeley is visiting friends in Carmel this week. Miss Jackson graduated from the University of California in May.

Another barn dance in the hay loft of the San Carlos Stables was given last Monday night, and a large crowd attended. A Spanish orchestra of accordion and guitars furnished the music.

John Bartlett has entered the Citizen's Military Training Camp at Del Monte. The camp lasts for a month, and during that time the boys are given intensive training in every branch of militarism.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Berkey and two children spent last week end in Paso Robles, returning to Carmel on Monday evening.

Miss Anita Reiners of Fresno arrived in Carmel this week for a few days' visit.

Rudolph Bermeyer of San Francisco visited friends in Carmel over the Fourth of July holidays.

Dorothy Mills of Berkeley and her mother are visiting at the Old Cabin Inn for a short time.

Mr. and Mrs. William Shattuck were visitors here for a few days this week. Mrs. Shattuck, who was formerly Dora Richards, was co-author with Miss Tannette Jaloff of this year's Partheneia.

Martha Jane Bissell, who has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. Penfield, for some time, returned to her home in San Francisco last Wednesday.

Miss Gertrude Smoyer, Marian Phillips, Harry Williams and Russell Prey of Berkeley, spent the week end in Carmel, visiting friends.

Georgiana Gerlinger of Berkeley visited in Carmel over the holidays. Miss Gerlinger is in the Dean of Women's office on the campus of the University of California.

Mr. and Mrs. Standish Webb of Berkeley are in Carmel for the summer, occupying a cottage on Scenic avenue.

J. F. Kingsland, living in the Eighty Acres, has left on a visit to England, where he will be present at the wedding of his daughter.

Mrs. Seth Ullman and Miss Marion Crooks of San Francisco passed the holiday week end at Carmel, guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Penzzi-Ricci, who have taken a cottage there for the summer.

Miss Edith Chilver from Berkeley and former Carmelite, was the week end guest of the Grant Wallaces.

Winsor Josselyn left Tuesday for San Francisco where he will visit for a few days.

Miss Clara Baker of San Jose visited here over the week end with friends.

WANTED

Stories, poems, novels, for typing and correction. Manuscripts prepared to meet editorial requirements. Likely markets suggested. Neat and accurate work with money-back guarantee. 75c per thousand words on good quality paper with one carbon.

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Coolie Coats at three prices—
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CARMEL GARAGE
CARMEL PHONE 113

Mrs. Lee Gray, Miss Maltby, Mr. Rudolph Van Mehr Sr. and Rudolph Van Mehr Jr. were the guests of Mrs. Mabel Gray Young last week end.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Johnston, Mrs. Fellows, Mr. Meckenstock and daughter Alice Sundayed with the Sheldons at Niagara Farm, Santa Cruz.

The program of the luncheon meeting of the Monterey Peninsula Rotary Club at Hotel Del Monte today was divided between the retiring and incoming presidents, Ray C. DeYoe of Carmel, president of the club for the past year turning over the gavel to Allen Griffin. In his remarks to the club, DeYoe warmly thanked Secretary W. F. Gloeckner for the consistent work and the fine services he had rendered during DeYoe's year as president.

The new president paid a high tribute to the year of strenuous service which De Yoe had rendered and stated that his relations with the retiring president had shown him how fine a type of business man and Rotarian the club had been fortunate to have as its president during the past year. On behalf of the club, Griffin presented to DeYoe a past president's button, a gold Rotary emblem with a diamond inset in the center, and bearing the words "past president."

PROMINENT FOLK VISIT PENINSULA

Mrs. Helen Irwin Crocker, who is building a beautiful Italian villa at Pebble Beach, passed the holidays at the Lodge. Others at the Lodge were Dr. and Mrs. Carol McKenney, Dr. and Mrs. Walter Sheldon, Miss Marjorie Josselyn and Messrs. M. W. and William Tichenor.

Among the prominent visitors at Del Monte were Doctor and Mrs. Mark Gerstle, Dr. and Mrs. H. M. McNeall, Messrs. and Mesdames Alphonse Jeddis, Marshal Hale, John F. Brooke, Randolph V. Whiting, Emil Sutro, Lewis P. Hobart, J. H. Threlkeld, Mesdames Robert Weber, Eugene Lent, Charles Howard, Camille Howard, Duncan Struthers, of New York, J. W. Dickson of New York, Messrs. Paul I. Fagan, Jr., Charles H. Knight, William F. Humphrey.

THE BIG SUR COUNTRY
By Frederick Buck

The city of Monterey is a spot of history and romance where the traveler visions dashing senoritas and gallant dons mingling with quaint capped fisherfolk and robed monks in adobe streets of long ago.

Neighboring Carmel is a town from Grimm's Fairy Tales, come to life, where faes or goblins must surely pop out at any moment from little dark houses in a big black wood at night, when tiny yellow lanterns peek from among the pines.

But on down the coast, ten, twenty, forty miles, is the land where human or goblin artificiality is out of place. It is the kind of country that one sits down in, and wonders why such a mite as he was ever placed in such a magnificent hugeness. If it were not for the gradual change of scene on the way to the Big Sur and if one just landed there without having to go down, the heart might well stop from sheer awe at this cosmos of natural beauty.

Five miles south of Carmel, the Highlands road narrows to almost a wagon track that winds high into the mountains, and drops again into wide valleys where white farmhouses with red barns and an abundance of domestic animal life speak of New England, especially because of the invariable rule of each farm having its clump of sycamores by the house, and usually a chattering stream. Only the surrounding hills blanketed with wild lilac blossoms, or purple lupin, make the scene really Californian.

Ten miles more and there are springs babbling from hill sides midst a wild profusion of ferns, willows, and sycamores. So far all is unbelievably beautiful, but there is nothing to set the brain propounding strange cosmographical hypotheses until many more miles of winding ascents and descents have been made, and the Little Sur ranches with their peacocks and pigs, have been passed.

The first sight productive of great awe follows the long climb a few miles out of the Little Sur. Quite unexpectedly, on rounding a turn, one looks straight down 1500 feet of rock into the slow eddying sea, and away for miles and miles and miles down the cliffed edges of the coast . . . along cliffs that were made by slicing mountains straight in half with a giant's carving knife. The ships far at sea are not outlined against the sky, they are close in and surrounded by water like play boats in the family bathtub.

And still nature hides more! First a does with her fawn, flees across the road and up among the ferns whence comes the faint rumble of waterfalls. And then, the ocean left behind, smaller and larger streams gurgle under crude log bridges until the wide expanse of the Big Sur (Big River) appears suddenly, roaring its self-expression, to the heights of a miraculous redwood forest. Trees as numerous as ferns, as tall as the sky, and often twenty-five feet or more in diameter. Grass! Ferns! Redwoods! Waterfalls! Streams! The river . . . all together . . . all at once, and not a tin can or a lunch box anywhere!

Here, ladies and gentlemen, is a place where less than fifty cars a week penetrate even in the summer. Here is a wild expanse of virgin nature where civilization has not yet rubbed her greasy hands. Here is the one spot on earth that has made me wish to be as rich as Rockefeller, for then I should be able to buy it all, fence it in, keep the world and its tin cans out, and so enjoy for myself the greatest wealth that my imagination can picture.

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All transient ads. must be paid for in cash. Contract advertising may be charged provided satisfactory credit references are furnished.

All classified advertising must be in the Pine Cone office not later than 3 p.m. Wednesday for insertion in the Friday edition.

CHURCH NOTICES

CARMEL CHURCH
An authoritative vital message and Public Worship, 11 a.m. Sunday.
Sunday School, 10 a.m.
I. M. Terwilliger, Minister
Strangers cordially welcomed

ALL SAINTS CHAPEL
(Episcopal)
Holy Communion every Sunday at 8 a.m. Morning prayer and sermon at 11 a.m. Sunday School at 9:45 a.m.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SERVICES

CARMEL
North Monte Verde Street
Sunday Service ..... 11:00 a.m.
Sunday School ..... 9:30 a.m.
Wednesday Evening Meeting at 8:00
Reading Room—Tuesday and Saturday, 2 to 5 p. m. Friday, 7 to 9 p. m. Closed holidays.

MONTEREY
Cor. Pearl and Houston Sts.
(Adjoining R. L. Stevenson House)
Sunday Service ..... 11:00 a.m.
Sunday School ..... 9:30 a.m.
Wednesday Evening Meeting at 8:00
Reading Room—Week days, 2 to 4 p. m.
Closed Sundays and holidays.

PACIFIC GROVE
Fountain and Central Aves.
Sunday Service ..... 11:00 a.m.
Sunday School ..... 9:45 a.m.
Wednesday Evening Meeting at 8:00
Reading Room—Week days, 2 to 4 p. m.
Closed holidays.

All are cordially invited to attend the services and visit the Reading Room.

Unity Hall

THE HIGHER THOUGHT

Sunday, July 10th

Subject
"High Tension Power"

Speaker
Ida Mansfield Wilson

Classes every Wednesday at 8 p.m.
A series of class lectures on
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Telephone 23-W
Dolores Between 6th and 9th

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OFFICE
First National Bank Building
Monterey
Hours—11-12 a.m., 1-4 p.m.
Phone 1582 Monterey
Res. Forest Hill Hotel — Phone 860

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—Charles H. Lowell, M. D. Office, Seventh and Dolores; Res. San Antonio St. and Eleventh Ave., Carmel-by-the-Sea. 11 to 12; 2 to 4 Office phone 28; Res. phone 342.

DR. C. E. EDDY—Licensed Naturopathic Physician and Chiropractor. Ultra Violet Ray Quartzlight. Registered lady nurse in attendance. Office hours: 9 to 11 a.m. and 2 to 5 p.m. Phone 105. Saturdays, Sundays and evenings by appointment only. Office and residence, Dolores apts., Dolores st., beside P. O. Telephone Carmel 105.

DR. NELLIE M. CRAMER — Osteopath, successor to Dr. Myrtle C. Gray, Work Bldg., Monterey. Office Phone Monterey 179. Res. Phone Monterey 610.

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Vocal Instruction
Concert, Opera, Oratorio
Studio: 4th and Lopez

Carmel House & Lot Co...
Parkes Building near Post Office
"BEST BUYS"

Small new house, close in, attractive, on lot 40x100. Only $3250 and on easy terms.

New house in Eighty Acre Tract, large lot nicely wooded. A real bargain at $8,000. Terms!

Seven room house near town, furnished. Is a good buy at $8,500. Terms!

Beautiful building site on Point with valley and river view, $2250.

Nicely wooded lots in pairs at $1030 to $1150. One third down. Deferred payments with interest at 7 per cent.

Beautiful building sites in Carmel Woods, Hatton Fields and the Highlands.

MAKE RESERVATIONS FOR SUMMER RENTALS NOW.

FOR YOUR BUILDING — SEE PERCY PARKS.

FOR RENT

COZY CABIN for one with all conveniences, unusual charm, low rental. Other accessories added to suit tenant. S.E. corner 11th and Mission. Apply Pine Cone office.

ATTRACTIVE GUEST HOUSE on premises of owner. Ideal for one, as sleeping quarters, without cooking conveniences. Apply to Geo. Seideneck, 8th and Junipero, or Pine Cone Office.

LOST AND FOUND

LOST—Moving picture Eastman Camera in case. Reward. Phone 318.

NOTICE OF TRANSACTING BUSINESS UNDER FICTITIOUS NAME

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS:

I, the undersigned, hereby certify and declare that I am transacting business in this State in the County of Monterey, under the fictitious name and style of THE CINDERELLA SHOP. That I am the only person interested in said business, and that my name in full is JANET PRENTISS, and that I reside in Hatton Fields, an addition to Carmel-by-the-Sea, County of Monterey, State of California.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and seal this 6th day of July, 1927.

(signed) JANET PRENTISS.

County of Monterey,
State of California, ss.

On this 6th day of July, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Twenty-seven, before me, Louis Slevin, a Notary Public in and for the County of Monterey, State of California, appeared Janet Prentiss, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and acknowledged that she executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal at my office in the County of Monterey, the day and year first above written.

LOUIS L. SLEVIN,
Notary Public in and for the County of Monterey, State of California.

(SEAL)

First publication, July 8, 1927.
Last publication, Aug. 8, 1927.

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WATERFRONT ACREAGE HOMESITES—Low prices. Easy terms. At Deven Heights, Carmel Highlands. Coast and country views, roads, water, electricity and beach rights. Rich soil. Residential. Very few left.

HOMES AND HOMESITES at Carmel Highlands. Acreage. On Coast highway. Waterfront and near waterfront. First class offerings.

CARMEL VALLEY CABIN SITES. Laureles Outing Club. Beautiful woodland lots. Roads and water. Electric line through tract. River bathing. Fine old swimming hole with clear running water. Tea room with home-cooked meals at all times. Prices as low as $150. Terms.

ON CARMELO, near Ninth. Bay View Lot. A good buy. $2,000. Exclusive.

BUNGALOWS IN CARMEL WOODS, from $3000 to $5800. Furnished and unfurnished.

FURNISHED COTTAGE. 4 rooms and bath. Near water front. $3900.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—The home of George E. Stone at Carmel Highlands. One acre of sea coast, wooded, large house of reinforced concrete. Every convenience, garages, terraced gardens, etc. A magnificent property. See owner on premises or write George E. Stone, Carmel or any agent.

SACRIFICE SALE — Brand new studio house with garage in Eighty Acre Tract. Easy terms. Downstairs: living room with fireplace, kitchen with range, bedroom and bathroom; Upstairs (separate entrance): big studio with fireplace, bedroom, washroom and shower. See owner on premises or write A. Molendyke, box 632, Carmel, or any local agent. Motto: Rent upsairs and live for nothing downstairs.

MISCELLANEOUS

CARPENTER WORK, REPAIRS, FURNITURE, AND GENERAL JOBBING. W. A. Beckett, 8th Ave. near San Carlos, Box 931, Carmel.

EMPLOYMENT Agency and Public Stenographer. Houses opened for occupancy. Ruth Higby, Carmel Service Bureau. Monte Verde, east side, bet. Ocean and 7th. Phone 665-W.

SEWING— Expert alterations and remodeling of gowns, dresses and coats; also curtains and drapes a specialty. At the Myra B. Shop, opposite the post office.

EXCHANGE PASADENA BUNGALOW for Carmel vacant or improved property. Box 1167, Carmel.

YOUNG WOMAN will take whole or part time work. Has had experience in Library and Postoffice work. Notify this office, care Miss Johnston.

WANTED—To rent good tone upright piano, $4.00 to $5.00 a mo. Address Box R.

Miss Angelina Heggerty of San Francisco was the week end guest of Miss Ethel Young.

Carmel has been requested by Mrs. Sarah Deming, president of the Arts and crafts, that all "white elephants" be brought to the hall this week for the auction that is to be held on July 16. The auction will be for the benefit of the Arts and Crafts Club.

Frederick Godwin spent the week end with his mother, Mrs. Helen Mueth. Godwin is now living in Hollywood.

GOLDEN STATE

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SATURDAY

The world's most popular Western Star

THE LAND BEYOND THE LAW

Kiddies' Matinee at 2

SUNDAY

BETTY BRONSON

in

RITZ

On the Stage

ROMIG - DAVIS MUSICAL SHOW

MONDAY

John Barrymore

in

DON JUAN

with

MARY ASTOR

TUESDAY
Wednesday

The star of "Stella Dallas" in her greatest role

BELLE BENNETT

in

MOTHER

A Tribute to Motherhood

Thursday - Friday

LON CHANEY

in

TELL IN TO THE MARINES

with

Eleanor Boardman, William Haines Carmel Myers

Franz Ludwig's Musical Digest

By Thomas Vincent Cator

It is interesting to note that Wolf-Ferrari's "The Jewels of the Madonna" opened the season of summer grand opera in Cincinnati. Here is a work of great forcefulness and beauty which has been entirely too much neglected by our American grand opera companies.

The Diaghiloff Ballet Russo, which is now marking its twentieth season in Paris, has just given the world premiere of Stravinsky's opera-oratorio, "Oedipe-Roi." It is a reworking in two short section of Sophocles' tragedy by the French poet, Jean Cocteau, and re-translated into Latin by J. Danielou. According to the French papers, the composer has written some original and suggestive pages, but in this he is more like Handel and Bach than the Stravinsky of the "Firebird." Bravo, Stravinsky, say I, and may you persuade many more of the "ultras" that there is much of the old which can be advantageously combined with the new.

Twenty-two thousand persons attended Paderewski's recitals in Sidney, Australia. The Lion of the piano will tour America again next season, beginning in January.

Thirty-seven years ago the Bostonians revealed to the world the treasures of melody which abound in Reginald de Koven's "Robin Hood." A couple of weeks ago, Sherwood Forest, and Robin Hood, were brought to life again in Hollywood Bowl. Thousands of dollars were spent in making the production both pretentious and charming. The Los Angeles papers commented upon the freshness and loveliness of the melodies, and the great appeal that they made after all this time. Oh, that we had some of that money to spend on such productions in our own Forest Theatre. For our Forest Theatre possesses a natural beauty and an atmosphere which no artificially built stage can compete with.

Beatrice Irwin, illuminating engineer and associate in arts of Oxford University, England, also a writer and lecturer of international repute, pioneer of the new movement in color, and inventor of the Irwin Color Filter system of illumination (patented), is a visitor in Carmel this week. Miss Irwin is author of "The New Science of Color," and "The Pagan Trinity," the latter work dedicated to Auguste Rodin, the great sculptor. Among her other accomplishments Miss Irwin writes very beautiful song lyrics. She has published songs writter with the well known southern composer, Homer Grunn. She has also written a Trilogy called "Desert Blossoms, the names of the individual songs being: "Wild Verbena," "Lunabel," and "Goldamor." This cycle was written especially for the writer, and I found a great deal of interest and inspiration in setting the songs to music, not long ago.

Serge Lifar and Mlle. Spesiva have received very high praise for their dancing, in Paris.

Handel's oratorio, "Belsazar," was recently given in Breslau, Germany, in operatic form. It was a great success.

Mrs. Percy Bennet Wright and children returned last week from an extended trip to Oak Park, Illinois, where Mrs. Wright has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Charles Seabury.

HATTON FIELDS

There is no finer setting for a home in California than in HATTON FIELDS, Carmel. No building sites smaller than one-quarter of an acre.

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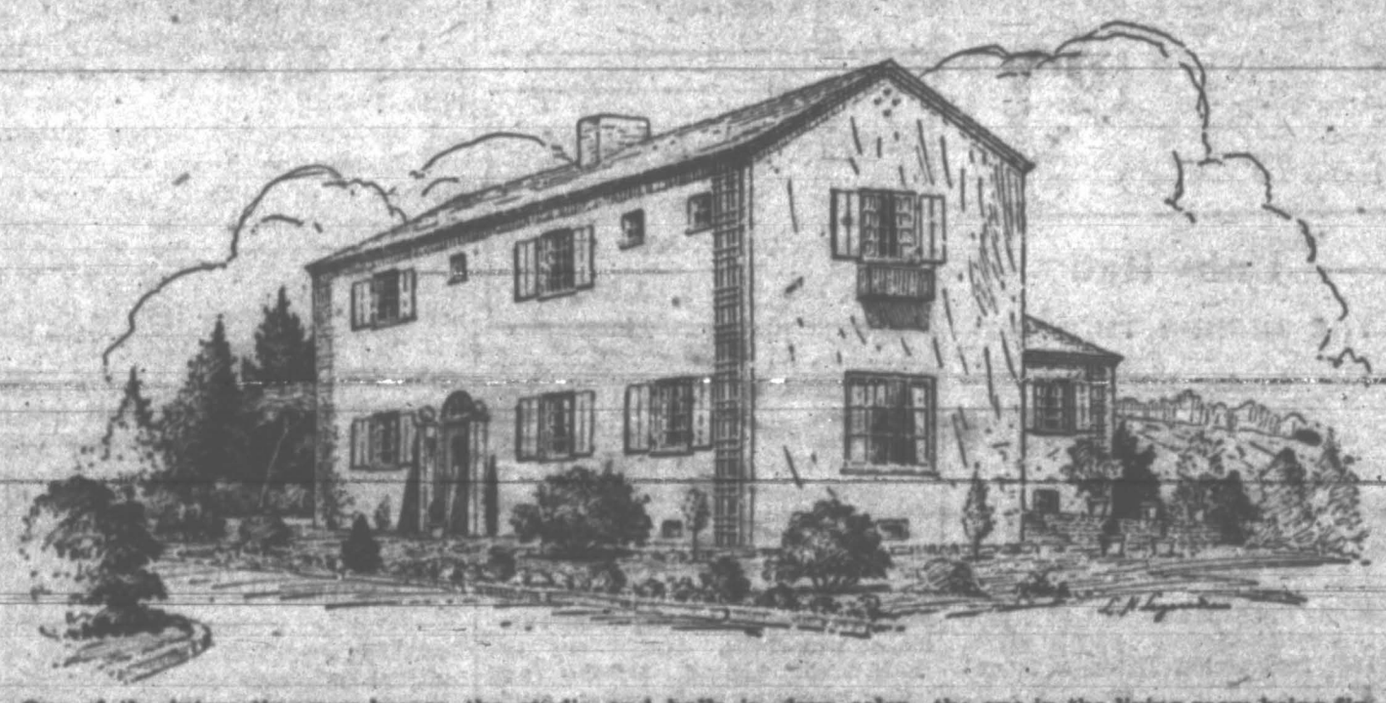
Woman Artist Designs Grant Home



One of the interesting new homes in Hatton Fields is that of Miss Mary Grant and Miss Anne Grant, located on Hatton Road between Stewart Place and Third avenue. The structure was designed by Miss Anne Grant, who followed the profession of an architect in New York City before retiring to Carmel.

The Grant home was built by Hugh Comstock, Carmel contractor. The style is Panama Spanish, the enterior being of white stucco, the roof and trellises of apple green. Apple green storm shutters heighten the effect of the deep windows.

An unusual feature of the interior is the five floor levels in this house of two stories. From a walk of old brick one steps into a cunning entrance hall, then upward into the main hallway, which divides the large living-room, while the studio, at the end of the main hallway, is still higher.

The living-room and bedrooms are finished in heavy cream plaster, the studio and halls in dove color. The doors are of redwood panel, hand-made. The latches, light fixtures, curtain rods, the Spanish grating in the front door and window-balcony, are all of hand wrought iron.

The living room has three sun exposures. From the large south window one looks beyond Hatton Fields forest to Carmel bay and the sea beyond Point Lobos. French doors open on an attractive terrace of old brick to the eastward. The view here is of a deep wooded canyon and the Santa Lucia mountain ranges.

In this well-planned house there is an ample amount of closet and storage space, and it is not necessary to pass through any one room in order to reach another; each is entered through a hallway. The garage is built into the structure and one steps from the main hallway into it.

The house has three fireplaces, the one in the living room being finished in plaster and without a mantelpiece. The fireplace in the studio and that in the bedroom are both of old brick.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Berkey, Naline and Moylan Fox spent the holidays in Paso Robles.

Arthur Cyril of Los Gatos is a v tor in town this week. Cyril formerly the director of the A and Crafts and has also direc Forest Theater productions. has just finished the annual p eant at Los Gatos.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Ball of Sto ton and Mrs. George Ball of Francisco visited in town over week end. While here they atten the production of "If I Were Ki at the Forest Theatre.

Anita Whitney, Anne Martin Dr. Margaret Long of Denver h been camping down in the Big country this week.

ROMYLANE

The Candies with a Character

They please the most fastidious taste

Prompt and Expert Fountain Service

WILLIAM T. MACHADO

Can furnish the rock you need for Garden Wall or Patio. He can select the best grade for your use. He will deliver it where you want it. Also furnishes, besides chalk and granite, sand, gravel, building material of all kinds, and does general hauling.

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